

PHILOSOPHICAL *Lettres*
LETTERS *K*
UPON
PHYSIOGNOMIES.
To which are added,
DISSERTATIONS
ON THE
INEQUALITY of SOULS, PHILAN-
THROPY, and MISFORTUNES.

Con gli occhi della mente il cor si vede. TASSO.

L O N D O N :

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THE
EDITOR'S
PREFACE.

THE close Secrecy, in which the Author of this Piece still keeps himself, has deprived us of the Satisfaction of consulting him about this Second Edition ; however, the Commendations given it in the foreign Journals, and more particularly in the *Bibliothèque raisonnée*, are a sufficient Justification for reprinting it as it is : The latter of

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January, 1747 speaks of it in the following ingenious Manner:

It is, probably of the Author's Modesty we must complain that his Name is a Secret; for he could not imagine a Work of such Delicacy and Erudition could be a Disparagement to him, yet he does not so much as give any Hints of his Abode and Profession.

However, an attentive Perusal of his Book has pointed out to me some Passages, from which I may draw a Sketch of him. If his own Assertions be true, that Physiognomies lead to the Knowledge of the inward Man, no less certain is it, that from an Author's Productions a shrewd Guess may be given of his Disposition, Circumstances, Talents, and good or bad Qualities. There is scarce any such thing as describing others, without discovering one's self, and especially when Sincerity guides
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the Pen. Had the incomparable *Montagne* been more sparing in talking of himself, had he been wholly silent as to his Person and Inclinations, the World would have been at no Loss to have picked out a pretty particular and just Idea of both from the Tenor of his Essays. The amiable Author of these *Philosophical Letters*, if himself not a Person of Distinction, must, without all doubt, have conversed much in high Life. He has a candid good Heart, with a Vivacity of Apprehension, and a sprightly, comprehensive Genius, tempered by a well-pois'd Judgment. He thinks a great deal, yet is not pensive. As he loves the Sciences, so few understand them better. He is not a Stranger to Chemistry, and has successfully dip'd into Physic and Anatomy, though I do not conceive him to be a Gentleman of the Faculty, as he is acquainted with an-

cient and modern History, without being an Historiographer. He is one of those wise *Pyrrhonians* who know when doubting is proper; never peremptory without the clearest Evidence: He is silent as to what is above the Reach of our Mind. Truth is his Pearl of Price; he is ever in Search of it, and is ravished where-ever he finds it. Nobody is further from hating those whom he looks upon to be in an Error; he pities them according to its Importance. He has extricated himself from the Prejudices of Adolescence, retaining no more than appeared to him rational and praise-worthy. He is not one of those Misanthropists who are ever out of Humour with themselves, and snarling at Mankind. He can't endure to hear them continually decried; he sees their Foibles and Faults as plainly as any one; but he also sees that they are not

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not without estimable Qualities and Virtues. As he is an Enemy to all Disguise and Tergiversation, so he highly values the sincere, ingenuous Man. His Frankness must have brought some Enemies upon him. He seems to have studied human Nature thoroughly, and his Knowledge of it must have been of great Help to him in judging of Mens Dispositions and Faculties by their Physiognomies. As to the Likeness of this Picture which I have hazarded, it must be referred to him ; for my Part, I protest *albus an ater sit nescio*; so far only I perceive, that he is to be sought for among the Philosophers, &c.

I am far from directing my Readers to judge of the Value of a Book by the Character of the Author. Errors, and even of the grossest kind, will insinuate themselves among the finest Endowments, both

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of the Mind and Heart. We easily slip into Error, and, like Misfortunes, one brings on another. All the Virtues go Hand in Hand; there is such a Connection betwixt them, that if we habitually set ourselves against any single one, an Aversion to all the rest will grow upon us. The Questions discussed by this Philosopher are not only singular and abstruse, but of such a tender Nature, that I scarce dare take upon me to speak my Opinion.

The Plan of this Work is laid on one general Question, but out of it is found to issue a Multitude, though all relative to each other. This general Question is, Whether Nature has furnished us with Rules for judging of Men by their Physiognomies? The Author holds the Affirmative, and will have these Rules to be expressed, and plainly visible to an intelligent Eye in the
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Lineaments and Features of the Face ; he makes himself to be vers'd in them beyond Fallibility, and says, that he can perceive them very easily ; but that it is extremely difficult to make others do so. This Knowledge being an Art, which no Application can master, without a natural Aptitude.

That every Creature has its expressive Physiognomy is uncontrovertible ; and the Author having illustrated it by Instances, proceeds to deduce these Arguments from them. If there is a Physiognomy in every Being, is Man to be supposed without his ? and further, if that of inanimate Beings be infallible, why should that of Man be dubious ? That Men may have a significant Physiognomy, I allow ; but I cannot persuade myself, that it is so clear and certain as that of inanimate Beings ; and for this Reason, that

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the Interior of Plants and Brutes is found to be more generally analogous to their Exterior, than the Mind of Man is to the Colour and Figure of its Habitation.

The Seat of the Physiognomy is sometimes only in one particular Part of the Face, the Nose, Forehead, Cheeks, Chin, Upper-Lip, sometimes even in the Teeth, but most palpably in the Eyes, though in general it is nothing less than the Assemblage of Lineaments, Colours, and Features, which constitute the Physiognomy; nor are they to be lightly separated.

If Nature is at any time pleas'd to declare itself in any strongly marked Feature, it is indeed an Exception, but which does not invalidate the general Rule. It was a complex View which enabled *Zopyrus* to form a Judgment, the seeming Injustice whereof rais'd such Indignation, that

that *Socrates*, the unblemished *Socrates*, had vicious Inclinations, and a corrupt Temper: It was not till after attentively surveying *Sylla*, that *Orobazes*, the *Parthian* Ambassador, expressed his Wonder, that such a Youth could take up with any thing less than the Empire of the Universe.

The System of our imaginative Philosopher seems to make the human Soul an Essence depending on the Organization, and subject to the Impressions of the Body; an Essence the Nature of which is incomprehensible, and actuated by another Essence, whose Properties and Force are little better known: This is frequently intimated up and down the Book. It is, says he roundly, in one Place, the more or less perfect Organization, the more or less suitable Mixture of the Juices or Fluids which makes the Wit or the Dolt.

This is a comfortable Position to those who know themselves to be underwitted, and as mortifying to those who value themselves upon excelling in it ; from whatever Source their Wit takes its Rise, their pluming themselves with it argues no eminent Wisdom ; for a more refined Soul, or a more symmetrical Organization, or a more proportionate Mixture of the Fluids, are equally, that is, not at all Matters dependent on their Choice.

This Thought puts me in Mind of *Charles* the Fifth's Answer to *Erasmus*, in the *Dialogues of the Dead*. Let's have done with Learning, says *Erasmus* to the Emperor, and stick to Wit, which is in nowise fortuitous, and not derived from the most fortunate Concurrence of Events, is not--Fair and softly, good Doctor, replies *Charles* ; Wit in nowise fortuitous ! how ! does not Wit consist
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in a certain Contexture of the Brain ? and to be born with a well-framed Brain, is it less a Matter of Chance than to be born the Son of a King ? You was indeed a great Genius, one of the Luminaries of the Age ; but ask the Philosophers, and they one and all will tell you, that you was within a Hair's Breadth of being a Blockhead, or even an Idiot ; the least Irregularity in the Disposition of the Fibres had done it ; 'tis something too subtle for the Disquisitions of the most curious Anatomists, which determines the Intellects.

They who exclaim the most bitterly against this System, as striking at human Liberty, and making us no more than so many Machines, find themselves perpetually at a Loss without it. If the Soul be its own Mistress, and not under the Controul of the Body, what Solution can be found for the Alterations of Propensities
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and Tempers which are observable in every Individual? How shall we account for the Impressions made on the Faculties and Tempers, by the slightest Disorder in the Play of the Organs, the Circulation of the Blood, and the Proportion of the Juices? Without a Recourse to my System, we are quite in the dark as to the instantaneous Aversions and Likings, which rise in us at first Sight, and become habitual. If such a Power over itself rests in the Soul, as some think it Blasphemy to deny, why are we sometimes all Mirth, and the next Day all Melancholy? Were our Humour a Matter of Choice, we should, doubtless, be continually in high Spirits.

The many odd Metamorphoses which the Soul undergoes, are to be explained only by the Body. 'Tis the hampered Motion of the Organs; 'tis the Interception of the animal Spirits

Spirits, which so often puts us out of Humour with ourselves, and in some causes such a Gloom, that they complain of being nauseated with Life; 'tis a minute Irregularity in the Fibres, which turns a wise Man to a Driveller; 'tis a Conformity of Organs and Fluids, from whence are derived Sympathies, as 'tis to their Contrariety that Antipathies are owing.

But is this Discussion of the Soul any thing else than a diffuse Wandering from the Subject, when Physiognomy is the Point in question? The Author obviates this Objection; he further says, that no Judgment being to be formed of Man from the Soul, as it is invifible, and equal in all Men, there was a Necessity of introducing the Body, which is so different and variable, as the Principle of the different Tempers

pers of Men, and of their Vicissitudes.

He then lays it down as an indisputable Truth, that the predominant Temperament determines the Disposition of the Mind; because the Mind being universally the same, it cannot contract those Inconstancies and Differences, but from the Constitution of the Body, of which there is an endless Variety, and which sways the Mind to its own Propensities or Aversions.

If the Mind depends upon the Disposition, and the Disposition is derived from the Constitution, and the Constitution is discernible in the Countenance, our Philosopher stands justified in his Assertion, that the predominant Disposition of the Mind may be known by an attentive View of the Countenance.

But how is the Constitution to be inferred from the Colour and Configuration of the Body? and in what man-

manner will the Knowledge of the Constitution lead us to the Knowledge of the Disposition? These are Stumbling-blocks not easily remov'd, as the Author was well aware; yet he clears himself with Honour, and encounters the strongest Objections which lie against his System.

His Assertion, That Women are such only through a Deficiency of 168 Heat, had given grievous Offence to some Ladies; and as they seldom can smother their Resentments, they rattled him without Mercy; but he acts up to the Respect due to the Sex; nor can there be a better turned Compliment to them than his Apology of himself. To soften the Harshness of this Expression, he tells them, that to this Deficiency they are beholden for their fair, soft, Skins, and even their gentle Manners, and easy Dispositions; that it exempts them from those laborious Trades,

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Trades and dangerous Callings, which can only be undergone by the hotter Constitution of Man ; that they are every where esteemed the most amiable Part of the Community ; that they are the End of all our Designs ; that, in return for the Attention paid to their Will, the Concern for their Welfare, the Readiness to promote their Pleasure, nothing more is asked of them, than that they would be what they are. That the Condition of the happiest Man cannot vie with that of a lovely Woman ; that were a Change practicable, they would have the worst on't ; that we want that quick Relish of Pleasure which is universal in them ; that our Minds are excruciated by Anxieties, Disquietudes, gloomy Images, and boisterous Passions ; that as to Wit, their Constitution so indisputably bears away the Bell, that ours cannot exert
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that Delicacy and Poignangy which they have at Command; that their Annals, if they will but cast an Eye into them, are full of the Victories in which Women were Conquerors over Men; and that it would be a very preposterous Pride in us to glory in our Constitution, when the Advantage is every way on their Side. Could Complaisance be carried further? Such an Apology, to be sure, allayed the Storm at once; nor was it mere Blandishment, if we are pleased to fancy, that we surpass Women in the more noble Advantages; what is this Nobleness in Competition with their Graces and Allurements, their all-captivating Beauty?

*Liberal Nature did dispense
To all Things, Arms for their De-
fence ;
And some she arms with sinewy Force,
And some with Swiftneſs in the Courſe,
Some*

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*Some with hard Hoofs, or forked Claws,
And some with Horns, or tusked Jaws,
And some with Scales, and some with
Wings,*

*And some with Teeth, and some with
Stings.*

*Wisdom to Man she did afford,
Wisdom for Shield, and Wit for Sword.
What to beauteous Womankind?*

*What Arms, what Armour has she
assign'd?*

*Beauty is both; for with the Fair,
What Arms, what Armour can compare,
What Steel, what Gold, or Diamond,
More impassible is found,*

*And what Flame, what Lightning e'er,
So great and active Force did bear;
They are all Weapon, and they dart,
Like Porcupines, from every Part,
Who can alas! their Strength express,
Arm'd when they themselves undress,
Cap-a-pee with Nakedness.*

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THE
AUTHOR'S
PREFACE.

MY Rudiments in Physiognomy were first taught me by a very singular Physiognomy, whose Beauty I shall not be so ungrateful as to disparage by a Description. Such a Constellation of Virtues and amiable Qualities, striking every Beholder at first Sight, put me upon thinking, that other Countenances might be equally denotative of the
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Temper, though not so much to their Owner's Advantage.

The exact Correspondence of this adorable Person's Aspect and Disposition made me restless, till I had made the Experiment on those in whom I am most interested.

Thus I have contracted a kind of Habitude, and it shall remain with me till Death has changed my Physiognomy, of searching into the Harmony betwixt the Faculties and Dispositions, and the Countenances, before I admit any Idea of them. Why should I leave it off? Faces seem to me one of the Sights in which we are most concerned, abundantly more, I am sure, than many where we squander both Time and Money; that they are continually before our Eyes, is no Reason for flighting them, as any who understands them finds continually fresh Subjects of a delightful Admiration.

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Being of a communicative Temper, and possibly not altogether free from Vanity, I could not conceal my physiognomical Talents, and so far from being derided, or giving Offence, my Intimates could not sufficiently applaud them. They have since been ever putting Questions to me, as no Subject affords more Room, and them the Public may either thank or quarrel with, for these Letters, which are nothing but my Answers to physiognomical Questions regularly digested, though the Publication of them, and in such Order and Bulk, is what I little expected.

With all its Imperfections (for Imperfection stamps its Mark on all the Works of Man) it may serve as a Clew for more penetrating Geniuses to make such further Discoveries as may tend to the Confusion of Vice, and the Honour of Virtue, two Essentials

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entials in the Welfare of Society, and the noblest End of all Endeavours. This is a Thought which will buoy me up under all the Arraignments which may be brought against this Piece. I expect them, nay, I make no doubt, but among the Managers will be found some, whose Censures are respectable, and to whom I could not have the Face to plead, *Non solo le talpe nascon cieche*. The Variations in the Style of the Translation, from the epistolary to the philosophic, was, by the Advice of a Person, to whose Authority I would always subscribe; and as for a few Words, very few, which may have an Air of Novelty, I humbly recommend them to the Reader's Indulgence.

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Philo-



Philosophical Letters

UPON

PHYSIOGNOMY.

LETTER I.

YOU insist, then, upon an Answer to your Enquiries about Physiognomies: Well; such is the Ascendant you have over me, that though my Reason intimates many disagreeable Consequences, I'll stand them all, rather than give your Friendship the least room for Complaint. Some will anathematise me as a Magician; others despise me as a meer Philosophaster, the generality, at least, will sneer at me as a Visionary; for the Illustration of Physiognomy is too mysterious to escape such Attacks. As I expose my tenderest Part, my Character, in your Service; I claim a Promise, and Gratitude warrants my Claim; that what-

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ever

ever others may think of me, you will continue your good Thoughts, that you will impute to my Deference for you, any extravagant Conjectures into which such a new Subject may betray me; and that the Obloquy of the World shall be compensated by an Increase of that Friendship, which already makes the Happiness of my Life.

The Writer, who aims at Distinction, chuses an untrodden Path; Physiognomy is so; yet this is not what kindles my Ambition. The most useful Arts, the most esteemed Sciences, owe their rise to the Boldness, or, perhaps to the Temerity of their Inventors. Many, who by their Cotemporaries, were accounted crack-brain'd, or dangerous Persons, are now extoll'd as admirable Genius's, as the Glories of Humanity: yet this, again, is no Incentive to me; to be extoll'd as a Philosopher deeply read in Nature when I am dead, seems to me a poor amends for Sarcasms and real Injuries from all Quarters, whilst I am living; I am for Praises in Hand, at which my Heart may exult: and though my Reputation be not founded high at present, I prefer it to the loudest Clangors of Fame, when I am past Sensibility: this will convince you
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that you are the only Object of this Work. It is your Pleasure that I should write on Physiognomy; that is the decisive Point with me, *jacta est alea*, come what will.

Allow me, by way of Preamble, to declare, that I am an Enemy to all Divination; that I heartily grieve to see Creatures made in the Image of God, give Credit to vague Predictions, drawn from the Lineaments of the Face and Hands, to imaginary Analogies or Connections betwixt the celestial Constellations and a human Birth, and to Similitudes with Animals, grounded on some exterior Resemblance. You and I condemn these Fallacies, which cause so much real Anguish, and betray their Dupes into a wrong Conduct, to prevent what they fear, or forward what they expect. Neither shall I affect the *Marvelous*, and whenever any Appearance of it occurs, believe me, I am not deviating from real Nature, but unfolding some of its latent Productions.

I question whether there be any Discovery properly supernatural; if Magic has been so termed, it was through Ignorance of its Principle. All I shall lay before you is plain, clear and natural. The true Physiognomist never foretells what a Per-

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son will, but what he should be. Future Circumstances are out of his Verge; he only conjectures at the Behaviour under them: His Discoveries reach no further than what is inherent in him whom he examines; without offering at what is accititious, He penetrates into the innate Disposition, not the Fortune of a Man; He declares his Genius, but not the Province of its Exertion; knows the Part for which the Person is fit, but not that to which he is destined.

Of all the modern Books within my Knowledge, which speak of Physiognomics, that of *Porta* is the only one, wherein there is any shew of Ratiocination: yet you are doubtless not ignorant, that under the misapplied Title of human Physiognomy, he only treats of the Resemblances betwixt Beasts and Men; and being a Bigot to the Philosophers of Antiquity, he has only accumulated an indigested heap of their Sayings, from which he infers, that a Likeness in the Looks with a particular Animal, indicates mostly a Likeness of Temper. Did this stand in need of a Book to be proved? Besides, in this Rout of Philosophers, I don't include *Aristotle* their Master; who, without thoroughly discussing this Point, has said

said more than all of them put together : I shall often quote him, and wish I could quote him in defence of every Position ; but the Subject now upon the Tapis, is of a wider Scope, more singular and circumstantial.

I am to shew, that Men carry in their Physiognomies certain and strongly marked Indications of what they actually are, (not from any Comparison with the Brute Creation) that their inside is to be known by their outside ; and that an Attention to the Features of their Face will give a just Idea of the Faculties of their Soul, without any other Investigation. Is not this an essential Knowledge ? What scientific Improvement ought to be compared to the reducing this to fixed Rules. A Window to look into the several Recesses of the Heart will no longer be wanting. I have intimated such a System to you, but you think it beyond my Skill ; you reproach me with raising Expectations, which I cannot gratify, and allow me no other way of forming a Judgment of Men, but by their Words and Actions, which are often theatrical, imagining that all my Penetration is no more than applying what I knew of them by other Means, to their Physiognomies, and

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then boasting that with a single Look, I discerned in them, what I had before learnt from much better Authority; you are, withal, so complaisant as to think I am not aware of this Delusion, in myself, and that, if presumptuous, I am sincere.

Though this be an Indulgence in which you are almost alone, I'll not sit down quietly with it; for I am still chargeable with a Fanaticism, which I detest, being as vigilant not to be imposed upon by myself, as by others: therefore, pray, suspend your Verdict, till you see how far my Performance equals my Promise; it will then be time enough to shake your Head at me, and think me an Object of that Pity, due to intellectual Errors, when they reach no further than the Person infatuated.

Every one has his Folly, and perhaps a right View of Life would shew us, that the Worth of most Men consists in their favourite Follies: let Physiognomy be counted mine; a Folly, in which the Virtuous are Gainers, and the Vicious only Losers; if I commend the former, it is with great Caution and Softness I touch upon the latter, and often tacitly entertain myself with my Discoveries; I may say that
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the Chemist is not more careful to conceal his most lucrative Secrets, which swell him with Hopes of Wealth at command. As it lets me into a thorough Knowledge of Men, I no longer expect Perfection from them; I compare their Failings; I bear with those which are most excusable, and who knows which are such better than a Physiognomist? The Secrets of Nature are open to him, he judges by its Informations; he requires no Talents or Virtues from any one, which he does not perceive to be delineated in his Countenance, and to such as are, he is often serviceable; he raises Men to a proper Confidence, shews them their leading Qualities, whereby they achieve many Things, to which they thought themselves quite unequal. He knows them better than they know themselves.

But say you, give me a Definition or Explanation of what is termed Physiognomy; why, really I am at a loss how to set about it, the Idea seems explicable; what I am assured of, is, that Physiognomy is more than the Air, Figure, Mean, or Features, for some are very much like each other, yet of very different Physiognomy: there is no pronouncing

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nouncing definitively on a Subject so new, abstruse, and singular. If I dealt in Etymologies, I think a pretty good one might be drawn from these two *Greek* Words, φυσικὴ γνῶμων which form the Word, at least they express my Notion; their Signification being *the Rule of Nature*, and my System turns upon Physiognomies, being the Rule which Nature has exhibited to us, whereby to judge of Mankind.

Again, you urge me, What is this Rule? where is it? in what does it consist? My Answer here is ready, and you may rely on it, That it is in the Face; that all the Features are so many Parts of it; that it strikes me on every Face I see; and that I discern it with much more Facility than I can convey the same Discernment to another. I make no doubt but that in the Sequel, all these seeming Obscurities will be cleared up to you, and a surprising Light break out upon your Understanding, which is so susceptible of it; but this Letter being run to such a Length, let me conclude with professing myself, &c.

L E T.

L E T T E R II.

THE Conclusion of my last, was the Difficulty I found to define Physiognomy, according to my Idea of it. It is a frequent Saying, especially in Polemical Compositions, that obscure Expressions proceed from obscure Conceptions; now, this Position, however generally true, fails here, for with the clearest Sense and most luminous Ideas, I am at a Loss for plain expressive and adequate Words. A skillful Artist, viewing a Work, discovers many Beauties or Defects, of which he cannot easily make others sensible, without some previous Tincture of a Science; a Discourse on it will convey neither Pleasure or Instruction, to the Hearers. Have you never met with such wretched Judges of a Picture, that you concluded any Elucidations would be lost upon them. It is as true, that with a few elementary Ideas, or only an uninformed Aptitude, we soon attain to a clear Apprehension of most Subjects: thus whoever has these Requisites in Physiognomy, immediately closes with any Discovery imparted to him, without any troublesome Detail of Argumentation.

mentation. They who are in the dark; (which is the Case of the generality) are sure to decry what they don't understand, vext that any thing should be beyond their Penetration.

That every thing has its Physiognomy, to me seems not to be controverted, and for the following Reason. The Connoisseur at first Sight determines the good and ill Qualities of any Object within his Cognisance; he has derived a kind of Infallibility from his natural Genius, assisted by Observation and Experience. A good Gardiner knows assuredly the Quality and Maturity of any Fruit by its outside, without cutting it. His Attention has placed him above that Maxim, which is accounted a Treasure of Prudence, that *there is no judging by Appearances*.

If it be so with every Being, can Man be thought to be without his Physiognomy? If that of the inanimate and irrational Creation be infallible, why not that of the rational? And according to the Comparison of *Aristotle*, who penetrates so far into this and many more Branches of Knowledge, by the sole Force of his Mind, If a Huntsman judges, and judges aright, of the Qualities of
Dogs

Dogs only from their Colour, Eyes, or Head, why may not the Features of a Man's Face be as sure Grounds of Conjecture to a Physiognomist?

If it be allowed that there is a Physiognomy, it must be sensible and subject to our Discernment: as Nature does nothing in vain; it neither would, consistently with that Wisdom which shines through all the Works thereof, nor could form it to lie hidden and inexplicable: Physiognomy being an outward and necessary Representation, or Expression of all the Principles and constituent Faculties of every Individual; it is quite congruous that this Expression should be legible to an observing Eye.

The Countenance of a Man may be said to be like those aromatic Vegetables which exhale their peculiar Odours, untill they are quite destroyed; and a Looking-Glass will continue to shew a Face till it is reduced to Pieces, too small to receive the Reflection.

The Countenance is a Looking Glass not liable to be altered by the Contrivances of Vanity, or by any other Passion; it exhibits any Constraint or Artifice to conceal ourselves, and the very Veil in which we would shroud ourselves, is

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plainly visible in it: it distinguishes Nature and Art so plainly, that a sudden Gloom, a momentary Change, a transient Vexation, a Freak, a Caprice, are there distinctly represented; so that the Eyes, which are acquainted with these Optics, are not to be imposed upon by any specious Affectations; they can as readily discern what is natural or feigned in a Person, as they can distinguish a natural Face from one which is disguised with Paint and Cosmetics.

I dare even advance, That no certain Judgment can be formed of Men, but from their Physiognomies; they can vary their Talk at Will, and their Actions are mostly decided by Circumstances; it is their Physiognomies only which declare their real Tempers. The Alterations which worldly Vicissitudes produce in Men, are no more than external, their Disposition being still the same, and all the wonder at such seeming Metamorphoses arises only from a Neglect or Inability to judge of Men by their Physiognomies, in which is to be read what they are unalterably, amidst afflictive or prosperous Incidents.

I should think that I had widely mistaken the Physiognomy of a Person, of whom

whom any thing should be afterwards truly said to raise the least Wonder in me. I never abate nor heighten my Esteem or Contempt for those of whom I have formed an Idea from their Physiognomy; as the Idea is infallible, the Inference is unalterable. There are several Persons whom I greatly esteem, and for what they'll never perform, but I am convinced of their Dispositions, and these merit an Acknowledgment; if Opportunities, Circumstances and Incidents are out of their Power, must their inward Benignity, their hidden Valour, their secret Concern for the Welfare of Society, be disregarded?

I entertain myself very often, when alone, with assigning Stations to some particular Persons; and I have had this Pleasure much heightened in bringing them to a frank Recognition, that in the Circumstances which I had appointed them, they should have acted in all Respects as I had preconceived. As my Determinations have often been remarkably verified, and the good Opinion which I originally had of my Conjectures, is confirmed by repeated Experience, I shall never be brought to retract my Confidence in Physiognomies; with me
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it is nothing less than Imprudence or Malice to judge of Men by Report. To censure or praise a Man to me, whom I have never seen, is spending one's Breath to no Purpose; shew me him, let me look him in the Face, which is free from all Artifice, and then I soon know what he is made of: why, say you, what can you see in any Face but Features and Lineaments, common to the whole Species, a little different indeed in Size, Shape, and Colour: agreed, but then from these Differences, does there not result something not only particular to each Individual, no two Men having been perfectly and in all Respects alike, but something so declarative of his Temper, that he must be of a very unpromising Physiognomy himself, who cannot decypher its Characters.

This Skill in Physiognomy is like other peculiar natural Talents, as unsearchable in its Origin, and unattainable by Application; they who are possess'd of them, often are ignorant of their Reality; and, without any Instruction, they perform what others with the most assiduous Endeavours cannot compass: The Truth is, that as the exact Judges of Physiognomies have had no Teacher, they cannot instruct Men who have not a previous Aptitude,

tude, and this Aptitude is not acquirable : Several actually have this Talent, without a proper Confidence to use it ; awed by Prejudices, they apprehend an Error, where their Discernment is infallible. An Accident gave me the first Hint, that I was endowed with this Talent ; then I with Transport fell to cultivating it, and now presume to say, that by a Series of Experiments I have brought it to Perfection.

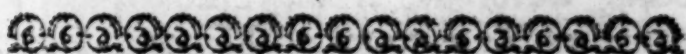
Though it be a Gift of Nature, it admits of Art and Labour ; as Discoveries which are purely natural, rightly improved, may lead to many others ; after a happy Conjecture or two, one comes into a kind of Rule, which seldom, or never, I should say, proves erroneous ; but this Rule is not arbitrary ; no, it is a kind of Instinct, and which will manifest itself ; all that Art and Labour procure us, is a Facility in judging, which amazes the unlettered.

This is also a very pleasurable Science : The Diversity of Genius's and Tempers, greater even than of Faces, affords infinite Entertainment : The Scene is continually varying, and the Mind surprized with a Succession of Novelties in every Speculation, and Novelties, not less mysterious than Hieroglyphics to most, which
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is no small Addition to the Delight. *Alexander* was displeased with *Aristotle* for publishing his Philosophy : Knowledge was of little Value with him, when once become common. Nature physically considered in some Respects is infinite, but who can express the unlimited Scene of Wonders it affords to a moral View ? This not only is conversant with whatever exists through all the vast Expanse, but comprehends the Indications of every present and future Event. Remember what an Entertainment it was to you when at ——— you were for knowing my Idea of every Person there ; you could not forbear expressing your Astonishment at the Justness of my Answers, on Persons whom you very well knew, and who were Strangers to me.

This Taste is never fatiated : Tho' I am not very eager after Discoveries, I frequently amuse my Eyes with going to strange Places, and come away unobserved, having made the whole Company contribute to my Diversion. I omit the Discoveries of such Passions, which are only accidental in any Tempers ; neither shall I dwell on the Distinctions I make, (yet of which, the very Subjects in whom they reside, are not sensible) betwixt the
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Vivacities of the Mind and that of the Body; betwixt Persons of acquired, or constitutional Talents; betwixt Persons of mere Learning, and others of mere Wit; betwixt those who have made a bad Mixture of both, having begun to blend them out of Time, or without Method; betwixt those who conceal their Passions and those which shew them; how ill-grounded the Esteem of the former is, and the Contempt of the latter. I shall only indulge the Pleasure of communicating to you my Treasures; and I dare say they will not appear despicable to you; if they should, it would be the most sensible Mortification; for I love you better than all my favourite Physiognomies put together: So farewell.



LETTER III.

IT seems then, that a certain Philosopher, to whom you have read my two Letters, is amazed at my Pretension, and longs to see a Specimen of it. Describe him to me, and I'll decypher him; he will not be the first whose Disposition I have traced thus at second-hand

hand. I know you to be too accurate to mistake any Feature, and too candid to make a fallacious Representation. How shall I triumph, if he himself owns the Resemblance? That would indeed be *argumentum ad hominem*. These kind of Pictures are what I do not usually pretend to, as the decisive Point of View in a Man often escapes the best Eyes, and some are more difficult to hit than others.

However, I am not afraid of being once out: Like one who being used to treat his Friends with Liberality, is not disturbed at any unexpected Visit; the Suddenness of it excuses Defects in the Entertainment, and the Consciousness of his good Will, keeps him from being disturbed, if they should be so unreasonable as to take Offence. Don't let him into your Design, lest, if he does not oppose it, he may falsify his Visage, and thus deceive you; for with all your Sagacity and Knowledge of the World, you cannot bring yourself to suspect any Counterfeit in a Philosopher.

Though genuine Philosophy be averse to every Appearance of Fraud and Disimulation; yet is it really made by many an Instrument for more artful Deceit,

ceit, the Engine of Pride and Avarice : For my part, I own my Indulgence towards those Persons who act in their natural Characters, and can excuse Slips in them, which I would not, if they affected to mask themselves ; no, he whose Humours and Vices I bear with on account of his Openness, becomes odious, and unworthy of Pardon, or any Countenance, whenever he has Recourse to Duplicity, and would fascinate the Eyes of those whom he calls his best Friends.

Every one has his Passions ; whoever goes about to persuade others that he is free from them, must have but low Thoughts, Morals and Intellects ; and at the same time his setting up Pretensions for such an Immunity, and his endeavouring to impose upon the World with regard to his Passions, raises a Suspicion, that they are not of the best Sort ; accordingly they who walk with their Eyes open, far from contracting Intimacies with, are always upon their Guard against Persons of such a Disposition. It is my highest Delight, when, by analyzing their Faces, I detect the World of Evil lurking in them ; and where it may be of Use, I expose them ; for their circumventing of so many is a
real

real Vexation to me; now, their Success is entirely owing to the Want of a proper Skill in Physiognomy, which with a single Cast of an Eye, penetrates into the Falsity of their Pretensions.

I have found that these Impostors cannot endure me; they cannot, with all their Effrontry, suppress the Confusion, which seizes them at Sight of me; but the sure Consequence of this is, a rancorous Hatred, as I have severely experienced; but let their Malevolence, employ all its Shifts; let them ridicule, rail, detract, and even combine against my Welfare, I shall be buoyed up by the generous Satisfaction, that I have set a Mark upon such a fly, arrogant, venomous Breed. A Man must certainly be of a very base Cast, who turns his Malevolence against another, purely for not being so weak as he would have him — Here I break off, to read a Letter just come to hand; I suppose it turns upon physiognomical Questions; if they are worth your knowing, they shall make a Part of this Letter.

I was in the right; I am asked whether it be convenient to carry Physiognomy to Perfection. Three essential Reasons are stated for the Negative,

tive, to which my Answers are required. The first, and which I take to be the strongest, is this, Good Men are vastly out-numbered by the bad. Now, where is the great Use of a Skill, which only helps to a Discovery of every wicked Principle in them? Must not the human Heart be amazed, be sensibly grieved to see its Species so contemptible, or rather detestable. This Science too usually begets Misanthropy, the prudential become cold and suspicious in their Converse, or wrap them themselves wholly up in Solitude, that they may not fall Victims to those mischievous Passions, which the Visage shews to be stirring in the Heart, and which break out with such Variety of Evils in the World.

The second is a Corollary from the first. Such an Insight into the Recesses of my Correspondent, is dangerous to him who is possessed of it. It excites Aversion from all Quarters. Very few care to be searched into; they know it is a Test they cannot stand; most Men are sure to put on a Disguise, when with Persons who, they apprehend, can read their Hearts in their Countenances; besides, who does not hate that Person
by

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by whom he is conscious he can't be esteemed?

The last is the Inutility of this Science to the Adepts in it ; for being in common with all others, subject to sudden Contingencies and fortuitous Events, with which Life abounds, it is beyond their Power to prevent them, or turn the Course of them to their own Views. In short, Physiognomy is neither honourable to Mankind, whom it depreciates, nor pleasurable to Individuals, whom it torments, nor beneficial to those who are vers'd in it, not one real Good (as he is pleas'd to think) accruing to them from this Talent.

My Correspondent is so full of the Force of these Objections, that he concludes I shall be ashamed of ever having bestowed a Thought this Way, so that one less fortified than myself, against Plausibilities and Appearances of Truth, might be daunted by such Assertions, and the Air of Triumph, which runs through the whole Letter ; but I'll face them, and here is my Answer, which, if it conveys nothing new, and instructive to yourself, it may to your Acquaintance.

Men are rather indiscreet than wicked ; by a physiognomical Investigation their Endowments

Endowments become known equally with their Defects; if they lose in one Respect they are Gainers in another; and the most accurate Judge of both is ever the most indulgent; they who know Men best, are easiest of Forgiveness: Philosophy, which is the Basis of this Science, inclines them to balance the good Qualities with very favourable Allowances, and to make the most of Men; which is not done in an hermetical Retirement, Mistrust, or Obdurateness of Heart, but by improving from their Acquirements, without snarling to no Purpose at their Failings, and by a virtuous Prudence guarding against their Fraud or Violence.

Such an Insight into Men is accused of leading to *Misanthropy*; where is the great Crime in having a little of it? let who will be without it. If the Contempt of our Species arises from a Knowledge of them, is History, which relates the Actions of Men, less chargeable with it than Physiognomy, which discovers their Tempers. If History relates the bad, some good are also to be read; and if instead of being exploded as detrimental, it has been praised, studied, and encouraged for its Instructiveness,

ness, whence this Clamour against Physiognomy, a much more certain Guide, as it shews the real Character of Men, abstracted from the Influence of Circumstances.

The second Objection following from the first, my Answer to it, shall in like Manner have a Connection with what I have already proposed.

It shall be always my firm Perswasion, for Declamations are of no Weight with me, that all Things, rightly considered, it is better for every one, with Exception of a few abandoned, to be thoroughly known, than otherwise ; for no Individual ever was without his Virtues or Talents. Such is our Composition, that in characterising Persons, our Sight is so fixed on the Evil in them, that it overlooks the Good ; that we are more propense to censure than commend, and that a true Idea of no Person can be stated, till after a long Attention and impartial Examination, and under a Variety of Occurrences.

There are some Men looked upon with an evil Eye, and without any apparent Reason. My own Experience convinces me, that he esteems most Persons who consults only his own Ideas. I have
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discovered in many, Accomplishments and Virtues, of which I had never heard a Word, tho' their Faults had been repeated to me over and over.

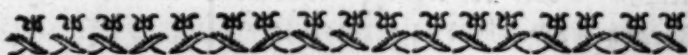
Besides, a wise Physiognomist draws a Veil over the exceptionable Part, exhibiting only the amiable and decorous. I believe, that in general our Fraternity take more Pleasure in giving due Praise, than in stigmatizing with deserved Reproach; in Prudence they ought; for a Fault-finder is a dangerous Distinction. Love and Hatred, Fear and Indifference, are seldom determined by Justice and Reflection. Who breaks with his Friends on account of their Faults, or does not rather pity them, if they are carried away by any Vices, without any Decrease of Tenderneſs? Again, how many Persons of finish'd Characters, can meet with nothing warmer than Indifference?

The third Objection is so false, that I can hardly vouchsafe it a Reply.

As Physiognomists do not affect Fortune-telling, the Point is not, whether they can or cannot guard against sudden Contingencies, and fortuitous Events, as they are termed. It is enough that

they have such a Knowledge of the Persons within their Sphere, as might be a Preservative against the Insidious or Brutal; and yet, very unluckily, they seldom are seen to put it to this Use, though the most important. They seem to mind no further than the Pleasure they feel in the Truth of their Observations, and this only by way of Amusement, not as any serious Business. Physiognomy may, in this Sense, be compared to Geometry, where the excessive Pleasure of demonstrating Truths to one's self, often diverts the Mind from carrying them into Practice. I expect the Picture of the Philosopher, and must tell you, that till I have it, not a Syllable shall you have from me, as much as I am

Yours.



LETTER. IV.

THIS is double Dealing, indeed; instead of only one you send me two Pictures, and conceal from me which is that of the Philosopher. Thus
you

you turn against me the very Caveat I gave you against him : However, I am so far from declining the Trial that I even anticipate the Pleasure which you will have of confirming yourself by a Proof of your own proposing, in the Certitude, which you ought to entertain of my Candor and Perspicacity. He whom you describe is, it seems, of a fallowish Complexion, with small, dull, hollow Eyes, which he almost shuts when he laughs : His Manner of Laughter is no way agreeable, opening his Mouth too wide : It even seems to indicate some Constraint and Pain : When he shuts his Mouth it gives a Tetricity to his Looks ; his Nose is all of a Piece ; his Countenance wears a settled Gloominess ; and his Forehead is of the usual Size and Figure. As to his Shape, which is the very worst that can be, his triangular Body, his Knees turning inward, and his emaciated Shanks, they are all out of the Question. From the aforesaid Deformities you may well imagine, that I would disengage myself from undertaking such a Picture. And I would have you think, that my unbounded Deference to your Inclinations

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alone,

alone, relying on your Discretion, could prevail upon me to finish it.

My Inference, then, from such an Assemblage is, that Envy governs him, that all the Good which he sees is an Eye-sore to him ; that having no Disposition to do any himself, he could wish there was none at all done ; that being unable to hinder it, he lays out himself with indefatigable Rancour, to efface the Glory which results from good Actions ; that it is his highest Satisfaction, when, by his venomous Calumnies, and sinister Constructions, he has perverted a Company to think, that the warm Benevolence of many is Vanity, or Profuseness, and that Tenacity is to ourselves a prudential Caution against the Vicissitudes of Life, and to the Necessitous a Spur to Industry ; I take him to be covetous and adulatory, self-sufficient, and arrogating to himself, Qualities which had never the least Place in his sordid Heart. I am apt to think, that his paltry Talents, under the Management of what Genius he may have (for I allow him some) has procured him a small Fortune : I suppose he is as lavish of his Praise on the Dead, as he is
of

of his Censures on the Living. Self-Love renders him conversable, and even ductile, without a single Spark of genuine good Nature: He is rather a Coward than mild: These Distinctions are unheeded by the Bulk of Mankind, unless in important Junctures, which occur but very seldom: If he knew me, he would be far from loving me.

However, of all this Ill which I have told you of him, remember nothing but what has been verified to you by Experience. I may be out, and mistaking some Parts of your Description, may have formed a hideous Phantom, tho' I account it a Reality. This Caveat against my own Construction, I think due to Equity and good Manners.

Moreover, if he has a Taste for the Sciences, he may have mastered some of them, which he knows how to turn to the best Account; for he may be said not so much to have studied them, as the Knack of making the most of them. I conclude from his Manner of his laughing, that he is something underwitted, I believe the principal Seat of his Physiognomy to be in the Projection of his upper Lip, which, with the Disproportion

tion of the under, very much resembles the Snout of a Fish.

I should be sorry if this Creature should prove to be no other than your Philosopher, it would be a thousand Pities you should be one of the many on whom he has imposed. By no means consult him what Opinion you are to entertain of others ; he would quite misguide you, and infect your good Nature: It is his Interest to think Mankind bad, and he is not capable of seeing their Goodness.

The other Picture is much more taking, and I hope of the two, the Original stands highest in your Favour : His continual Smile and open Air promise a great deal of good Humour : Your Description of his Mouth is a sure Pledge of his Candor and Probity ; I dare say they are both above the common Level ; the Clearness of his Eyes denotes Vivacity and Judgment of Matters within his Verge ; possible, his Penetration may suffer some Diminution by his Corpulency ; what he wants in Fire and Mettlesomeness is better compensated by Composure and Equanimity, the Symmetry of his Lips may recommend him

him to some Eyes: All I shall say of it is, that it indicates an easy Disposition, and Cordiality in Friendship. From your Account I am inclined to think, that he should not be a Man of Letters by Profession: However, if he is of the scientific Class, he is not the first who fills a Post, for which Nature never designed him; he will not fail to acquit himself of it properly, and to the Delight of all under his Instruction: And what Talents can constitute a more endearing Character? That I am not more circumstantial in my decyphering these two Pictures, is owing to the Conciseness of your Delineation. A Face affords a thousand Subjects of Observance, each of which are expressive of some good or evil Faculty or Disposition. It seems strange, even beyond all Comprehension, to you, that Vices and Virtues, Habits and Inclinations, Talents and Faculties, Complacencies and Aversions, which in Appearance are so closely link'd with Spirit, that they are scarce to be defined abstractedly, should be legible by corporeal Designments; such as the Colours and Modulations of Matter.

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Your next Question, to be sure, will be, what is the Colour of Ambition? or whether a Circle, Triangle, or Square, be the Index of Anger? You are very welcome to be as jocular as you please about my Conceits. I like them the better for affording you some Pleasantry. If I cannot demonstrate my System so incontrovertibly as to turn your Ridicule into Acquiescence, and make you a Convert to Physiognomy; I'll stake my Life on it, that you'll be brought to own it is not without some Verisimilitude.

But the great Outcry is the little or no Advantage to be reap'd from this Science; and I am incessantly pestered with Questions how much the better I am for it: Now, this I know to be a Sneer on my Situation, but which does not reach my Person: I answer, that indeed when used by way of Amusement, it is not very lucrative; but then I am sure, that if I would have turn'd it to another Use, it would have furnished me with innumerable and sure Opportunities of bettering, and even agrandizing myself: However, if it is to be ranked among the Virtues, Sciences, and Endowments,
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it is no Wonder that it should not be productive of Emoluments or Distinction, every thing of that Stamp labouring under Depression, or very seldom emerging above a Competency.

The only Advantage which I have reap'd from Physiognomy (and I prefer it without Hesitation to any other) has been to procure myself a Set of firm, staunch Friends, on whom I may on all Exigencies rely, as they may on me. You know what various Shapes the Count *de* ——— and the Chevalier *de* ——— have assumed to wriggle themselves into my Intimacy, and how I have eluded all their Artifices: Now, it is Physiognomy alone which prompted me to that stubborn Resistance, by which I escaped their contagious Acquaintance. The least Engagement is not a Matter of Indifference, it not being in our Power to recede at Pleasure: And how often are we deceived, though our Knowledge of others be founded by a long and familiar Commerce, but without the Air of infallible Physiognomy?

Let my Friendship, which has ever been invariable, without the least Ebb,

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answer for my Idea of you; I even dare to say, that few can love you so well as I do, because few can know you so well.

The Talent of Physiognomy very often promotes Humanity; for the Generality of Men are more quick-sighted to discern the bad than the good Qualities of others, or fasten on what is obviously faulty, without minding whether their Virtues do not equiponderate; whereas the Physiognomists alone penetrate into what lies under the Exterior, beyond the Ken of vulgar Eyes. How many would be loved and esteemed, and even idolized, were they but well known, and the often false Light of their Circumstances, corrected by the equitable Optics of Physiognomy.

But I check myself for this long Preamble, and, according to Promise, hasten to the fundamental Principles of the physiognomical Science. Though this makes the Knot of my System, it shall be no Gordian Knot to me, at least not put me to such an Evasion as that did *Alexander*; you may expect to hear from me shortly. Adieu.

L E T.

L E T T E R V.

YOU allow that I have hit the Original of the two Pictures pretty nearly, but are impatient to know by what Tokens I place the chief Seat of the Physiognomy of the first Picture on the upper Lip. To give you a clear Conception of this, besides the Abstruseness of the thing itself, is the more difficult, as my own Notions of it are as yet but obscure and involved: Physiognomies of this odd Situation have frequently come in my way, and some even more odd, where the Teeth were the decisive Indexes. Have you yourself never observed Fangs instead of Teeth, and are not such declarative of a bestial Nature. In others, the Seat is the Nose or the Forehead, the Cheeks or the Chin.

The Eyes are generally the decisive Part, and here a Remark offers itself concerning the Eyes. Any Emotion or Passion, which animates them to a Degree, that they seem to emit Fire, passes for Wit, and even Sagacity; so that many a falacious Prostitute would be thought to have a deal of Wit, could she
restrain

X refrain from any other Speech than that of the Eyes. In general, it is an Assemblage of Colours and Features which constitute a Physiognomy; and from a senseless Affectation of separating these, has sprung that Swarm of divinatory Sciences, which though all vague and illusory, were originally bottom'd on the Certainty of Physiognomy.

The Conjunction of Colours and Features was their Pole Star, and when once Men wandered from it, they ran into wild Meanders. Are not Metoposcopy, or the Knowledge of the Forehead, together with Chiromancy, or the Knowledge of the Hand, stupendous Instances, not so much of Presumption and Deceit, as of Credulity and Fanaticism?

Here, by the way, observe, that the most absurd Sciences are of a rational Origin, and the Neglect and Ridicule of them is wholly owing to an undue magnifying of their Consequences; 'tis on this Account that the superficial and ignorant, who are every where the Majority, peremptorily condemn them all without Restriction.

Astrology, for Instance, is no more than an abuse of Astronomy: Chemistry

*X Why might she not have a sub
of wit?*

mistry has given rise to the *Opus Magnum*, and most Incantations derive from Botany and natural Knowledge.

To return to the main Subject; sometimes Nature is pleased to unveil itself in one single Feature. This is indeed an Exception, yet does not invalidate the above Position: Not one Sign, but the Conflux of many, says *Aristotle*, warrants a right Judgment.

It was a complex Survey of all *Socrates's* Features, which enabled *Zopyrus* to discern the corrupt Nature and vicious Dispositions of that eminent Philosopher; and it was after attentively viewing *Sylla*, that *Orobathes* the *Parthian* Ambassador, expressed his Wonder, that young as this *Roman* was, he could bear any equal in the whole World. Had *Cicero* taken his Opinion of *Cæsar* from his Physiognomy, and not his effeminate Dress, as he owned after the Battle of *Pharsalia*, he would never have been seen in *Pompey's* Camp.

This Mistake of *Cicero*, leads me into a Reflection, which is not to be omitted; that Attitudes and Gait, Carriage of the Body, which are accidental or contract-

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ed by Custom, are very different, tho' hard to be distinguish'd from those, which Nature produces by the Disposition of the Limbs, and Texture of the Organs. The Difference betwixt them is no less than that betwixt Art and Nature; but most Men are so absorbed in lucrative Schemes, and attach themselves with such Toil and Eagerness to their Trades, that few possess that Delicacy of Touch and Perception requisite to a successful Study of Nature.

He, who taking a Stranger by the Hand, pronounced him to be meanly born, by the Callousness of his Skin, might commit an uncivil Error; such Changes are the Effect of all kinds of Work; the nicest Artificer cannot escape those Impressions on his Body which are consequential to his Calling.

Though the famous *Antony Coipel* was at that time unknown by Face to me; happening to see him at the *Italian* Play-House in a very attentive Posture, during the whole Representation, with his Thumb in a vertical Direction, as bearing his Palet; I affirmed him to be a Painter.

I have heard that in the time of the incomparable *Conde*, whose Genius was adapted for every Thing, it was usual to lay Wagers upon the *Pont Neuf*, about guessing the Profession of the Passengers who went by, only by their Gait, and that his Highness would sometimes very familiarly divert himself at those Experiments.

It is not at all strange, that the Body should be affected by Custom, for the Mind itself, without close Circumspection, and repeated Conflicts, will suffer from its Influences. That Soul which can preserve its Purity and Greatness from the Contagion of Custom, is of an uncommon Cast. Does not every Condition and Class seem to have its particular Principles and Biass, and to see Things in very opposite Lights? Is there no knowing what a Man is, without seeing him in his working Habit? Half an Hour's Discourse will as certainly let you into his Vocation, and give you a Taste of his Intellects.

They, who are capable of penetrating into these differing Influences and Affections, attain a Knowledge which Amazes even themselves, and may bring
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on them the Appellation of a Magician. Habitude grafts on us both Vices and Virtues, to which we had little or no Inclination, but which never come up to those of our own natural Growth. What is a Liberality which is sollicitated, or the Effect of Vanity, compared to natural Benevolence? Many a one continues in a fraudulent Trade, to whom Nature had given the whole Furniture of an honest Man.

To lay no great Stress upon acquired Virtues, is a generally received Maxim, because they do not actuate on us with a Power like those implanted by Nature, nor stand the Shocks of Temptations; but to distinguish them is the Gift of very few. The affected is well known from the plain Man, and the awkward from the graceful, and the Woman with artificial, from her whose Charms are purely natural. All this is but a superficial Knowledge, the Object of Sense, and lays no check upon a *Volpone* who cannot fail of being confident, that in the present Neglect of Physiognomy, a Genius improved by Practice, may successfully conduct any Deceit, and personate
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the Character he pleases, without Detection.



L E T T E R VI.

IT is Time, say you, that I should lay down some Principles, and this is what I long more to be at, than yourself, who require them: To give you a previous Knowledge of many of the Consequences, I thought would facilitate your Perception of the Truth of the Principles; they like the Dawn usher in the Brightness of the succeeding Day. You would be apt to slight the latter, if the former had not exhibited to you their astonishing Effects; and as in this Point, to make known at once all we would and all we ought to say to be clear and express, is impossible, this laid me under a Necessity of dividing the Subject.

What matters it, after all, where I begin, if I do but end well: if my Voyage prove fortunate, I shan't quarrel with myself about the Course I steered. My extreme Desire of your Approbation, and the Glory of making you a Convert
to

to Physiognomy, will excite all the Powers of my Mind to attend this Work: besides Self-Love, that mighty Motive, that delicate Sentiment, palpitates for the Success of it. However, no Principles, yet; I have something else to say to you, to which they for the present must give Place.

A Man next Kin to a Stranger, casually meeting me, would force his Gabble upon me; yet with no small Art winded the Discourse so as to fall upon Inconstancy. Whether he thought it was my Foible, or he was afraid I should suspect that he was tainted with it, I am not certain, tho' inclined to think the latter. He run through a confused Ribblerow of what he had heard, or his own fruitful Brain furnished him against Inconstancy. I heard him out very composedly, and at the Conclusion, only told him, that he seemed to me a very miserable Creature, in not freeing himself from a Defect, against which he could so fluently inveigh; he turned upon his Heel, and I fancy for the future will let me go my Way. His Inconstancy was expressed in his roving Eyes, he looked upon every thing, but saw nothing. It may be
said

said all this was only Levity; no, no, it was all pure Inconstancy, the worse of the two, Age curing the former, and increasing the latter.

It is a Vexation to me, that so little Account is made of Physiognomies; I could not bring one Woman to allow I had any Portion of Reason, while another will have it, that I have too much.

The Chavalier —, has called upon me, but, chiefly to enquire after your Welfare: after I had satisfied him about that, which is no less dear to myself: Well, said he, are you still beating your Brains about Physiognomies; I'll engage, answered I, that they'll never trouble your Brains. He took my Answer like a Man of Sense, and made a Handle of it to ask me Question after Question about his own Talents and Inclinations; I ventured to demonstrate, that to think, was in him Presumption, of which he never was aware before, though he has been thinking these Forty Years past. He not only very obligingly thanked me for this Discovery, as a Treasure which cost him no Pains, but has so industriously spread it abroad, that it has brought me already above Thirty Visits to the same Purpose.

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Purpose. If this Humour should hold, I may set up for a first Rate Conjuror.

You know, what Esteem, I allow to Wit, when it is alone; and one, who has nothing besides, will needs be learning Physiognomy of me, and pesters me so outrageously about it, that I am afraid my only Resource is, to tell him flatly, that he tires me; Words of insupportable Pungency to those mere Wits. That he will never attain, what he is so hot upon learning, may be concluded from his not having as yet penetrated into my Idea of him. Now, a Word about the odd Warrior whom you recommended to me. His Thoughts of me divert me infinitely, they alter at least every Day; and if at the end of the Month I were to put into his Hand a Diary of his Thoughts, I dare say it would raise a Blush even in that hardy Face, but the Uneasiness of another, I seldom make a matter of Mer- riment.

Do you know what mortifies me in him? Not his Unsettledness, not the continual Variations in his Sentiments of me; 'tis, that with him, the only esteemable thing in me, is what I esteem the least of any thing in me, and that is Wit.
He

He would put me into a Passion, did I not repress its first Motions: he apprehends I have some deceit in my Eye, when my Words and Behaviour express a warmer Cordiality than usual. He is no less upon his guard against what I call my Virtues, than I should be against Vices. A Simplicity of Heart abstracted from Stupidity, is with him a Chimæra, he can't conceive that Wit sometimes, dwells with Candour, Truth, and even Ingenuoufness. To tell him that this very Simplicity is in some an Emanation of the Exuberancy of Wit, as in others it is owing to a total Want of it, is so many lost Words; it is a Distinction beyond his Grasp; he is inflexibly for inverting every Thing, and so I give him the Rein, yet is he far from being alone in this; every Day brings me in the way of many, who, though under an invincible Incapacity of judging aright in any one Thing, peremptorily pass their Verdict in all Cases.

To bring these Persons to a right Knowledge of themselves, would be doing them and others a notable good Turn. But then the Risk is also too great, the Aberrations of all Ranks justify their Censures,

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Censures, and their Fatuity countenances them, so that they are hardened in a Confidence of Impunity. Irremediable Evils are the Exercises of Philosophy. Dismiss, then, all painful Reflections on the seeming Partiality and Impropriety of all Allotments; and instead of fretting and exclaiming that Folly stalks barefaced in all Places; let us comfort ourselves with the Freedom of laughing at it covertly: a Freedom which affords no small Satisfaction, *Experto crede Roberto*.

There is another Species, and sometimes these are of that Cast, which delight in Flattery, and shun the Man of Probity, as scorning to flatter them, and who believe a Man destitute of Parts and Accomplishments, who does not artfully make Parade of them. They are too short-sighted to discern what Modesty conceals, or Circumstances have not brought to Light: accordingly, after ten Years familiar Acquaintance with a Man, they seem strangely amazed at any ill or good Quality in him, which had, all this time of Intimacy, escaped their Observation; but the very first Day were plainly legible in his Physiognomy.

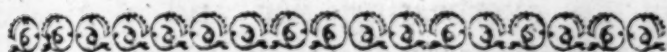
I shall close this Letter with a Story, which may be called a Game at Physiognomy.

I supped t'other Night at an Acquaintance's, where among eight others, was a Woman, who knew as little of me as I could of her. The Conversation was for a while vague and general: I did not speak to her, nor she to me. I observed her, however, to eye me with an uncommon Fixedness, and such as ruffled me even to Blushing; which seeming to put her in high Spirits, Spight helped to compose my Countenance. This Game was perceived only by one Gentleman, who sitting next to me, whispered that there was a Design upon my Carcass: but I feigned not to hear him. After an elegant Supper, and an Hour or two no less elegant Chat; the Lady rose, and called upon me to hand her to her Coach; she simper'd all the Way, but without speaking one Word, though I had not been wanting to express my Sense of the Honour she did me, in as gallant Terms as I could, and I am accounted to have a choice Assortment of them always at command. She drove home, and I was not long out of Bed; but

but was too much impressed with the late dumb Scene, and too intent on unravelling the Mystery of it, to close my Eyes.

The very next Day, and before Nine, one of her Domestics was with me, and brought me her Compliments, desiring that I would send her the Explanation of the Enigma, which I had read over Night at Supper. I instantly saw thro' the Allusion, and roundly signified to her the Interpretation I had put upon her Looks; adding a Request, that she would also acquaint me with what she might imagine to have read in mine. In her Answer, she protested, that I had exactly hit the Mark, and traced all the particular Successions of her Ideas and Conjectures. As a Return due to such Candour, I owned to her, and it was almost Truth, that her Letter was a perfect Transcript of all the Thoughts and Agitations of my Mind, that she beat me at my own Weapons, and surpassed me in my favourite Science. You can never imagine the Details of which these reciprocal Eclaircissements consisted; nor can I express the Gratulations and Raptures

tures which they gave me; charmed with the Multiplicity of faint Conjectures, and confirmed Sentiments, which passed thro' each of our Souls in a continual Variation, not one single Circumstance had been misrepresented or omitted in our Intelligence. Though this Day's Letter should not prove to your Taste, depend upon full Amends by next Post.



L E T T E R VII.

HAS it never been your Fate to be intoxicated with a fond Esteem for one who was very undeserving of it, at least to such a Degree? Either you have been the Dupe of another, or another has been your Dupe; this Alternative holds good universally, without Allowance of any Medium. Not one House within the Sphere of my Acquaintance, but has its *Oracle*, and to whom that at *Delphos* was not fit to hold a Candle. The Sway which that Name bears, is not unknown to you; yet these *Oracles* cannot procure themselves a Hearing but among their Votaries. What Parts they
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have, seem to be eclipsed else-where, or their Arrogance prejudices their Capacities. Happy are they who can long maintain this authoritative Opinion of their Infallibility; for where one dies in the Odour of Sagacity and Virtue, the Superficialness of many is detected.

It has several Times been my good Fortune to fall in with some of these same *Oracles*. They are easily distinguished by an overbearing Air and dogmatic Vociferations among their Auditory. 'Tis a great Step, if they have the Address to make Religion subservient to their Authority: then the Prepossessions of their Admirers gathering Strength from the Sanctity of the Motive by which they are animated, so bewilder their Understandings, that the most glaring Contradictions from the *Oracle* are digested as harmonising Truths; and if they allow him to have any Alloy of human Frailty, 'tis not before he has run through a long Course of Debauchery, and Flagitioulness.

Let it not be imagined, that Wit alone, with all its Sufficiency and Acuteness, is an universal Preservative against this intellectual Servitude. I assure you,
on;

no; the Busy, the Idle, the Imaginative, the Reasoners, the Visionaries, even the Geniuses, as they are called, who declare against all Principles, are frequently seen, with all their Stock of Wit, to bow the Knee to *Oracles*. Some of these *Oracles* are perfectly honest in their Way, believing in their Heart all they say, and whose Admonitions flow from their Conscience and Understanding. These, though not intentionally so, may be dangerous by their Weakness; but it is seen, that their Openness brings their Veneration to a hasty Period, as it seldom thrives in any Station: There is no being a thorough *Oracle* without some Duplicity. The *Oracles* among the Pagans, which stood their Ground the longest, were those which were managed by Priests of the most subtle Contrivance and imposing Deportment.

I used to reject, as extravagant Fictions, all the Stories of the *Oracles* in Heathenism; but an *Oracle* of my Acquaintance has brought me to conceive, that even the strangest of all which are handed down to us, were practicable, and that there is nothing improbable

in them. As heartily as I despise the Character, I cannot but in some measure admire his Address and Spirit in acting it, and be pleased with his Wit, at the same Time that I execrate the Use to which he puts it. He alone has been of much more Entertainment to me, than a thousand undesigning, saturnine or uniform Mortals.

Plutarch tells us, that at *Sparta*, the most virtuous Republic which ever existed, Adroitness in Thieving was rewarded; but without exculpating the Act of Theft, which, if so awkwardly executed as to be discovered, was exemplarily punished. What Calamities have not been brought upon whole Nations by these pestiferous *Oracles*; Errors and Prepossessions are found to haunt a Throne; though naturally it affords, and certainly requires, a more intimate Knowledge of Humanity; innumerable are the Instances of Sovereigns, who have ruined themselves and their Subjects, by regulating their Administration from the Dictates of weak or knavish *Oracles*.

What has been said of Men in general, is equally applicable to the other Sex.

Sex. Very far be it from me, to intend to exclude Women from the Knowledge of Physiognomy; nay, I am apt to think, that their Minds unembarrassed with the Spinofities of scholastic Sciences, are more clear and vivid, more subtle and delicate, and consequently better adapted for physiognomical Researches. If they have a good Fund of Wit, they may be easy about the Sciences; the Want of them is then abundantly compensated by their natural Refinements, and not seldom to their considerable Advantage.

Nor is the Utility of Science to Men, always an Equipoise to its ill Effects, and the Mind, by too intense a Culture, becomes incrassated. Study will bear a Comparison with those medicinal Drugs, which if instrumental to expel some Distempers, are productive of others, from which we were before free. I have seen Women, without any other Instruction than that of a natural good Sense, discourse more justly, and argue more appositely, besides the Elegance of Expression, than many Scholars who had extinguished all theirs in accumulating Science. Nature and Truth go Hand in Hand,

but Science sometimes takes a Pride in deviating from Nature.

Of all Learning, the most esteemable is that which appears planted and nurtured by Nature, without the supercilious Shew of Study, and has no Twang of the College; but this indeed is a *rara avis in terris*, and if I have ever met with it, it has been in a Woman or two; and in them I ascribe it to that Delicacy, which is their Appennage.

I intend a further Enlargement on this exquisite Delicacy of Sentiment, wherein you shall see how it results from the Delicacy of their Texture and Constitution, on which it is so dependent, that in Women of a robust Make, and masculine Disposition, this Delicacy is quite wanting; their Ideas are coarser than those of Men. Excuse my breaking off here, a Letter which I shall communicate to you, being this Moment brought me, and requiring an immediate Answer by the Messenger.

LETTER

L E T T E R VIII.

HERE is the Answer which I returned to the Letter, which obliged me to shorten my last. I instantly resolved to send it you, in Hopes that if it does not persuade, it will entertain you; nor is it foreign to our epistolary Topick; as it turns upon a Request to know my Thoughts about Scriptural Physiognomy, as the Adepts term it; that is, the Physiognomy of Hand-Writing, and whatever relates to any kind of Physiognomy comes under my Cognizance. You'll say my Jurisdiction is of a large Extent; it is so with a Witness; for were my Vassals as numerous as the Physiognomies decyphered by me, not a Nobleman in *France* could figure with me. Well, now for my Answer. I am of Opinion, that the Physiognomy of the Writing of any one, is far from being a sure Indication of his Mind or Heart; yet as I declare against laying any great Stress upon it, so do I account it not altogether insignificant. The Instances, which are tossed about *pro* and *con*, are far from being conclusive,

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 the Authors of them being of a Character which invalidates their Evidence; Persons little qualified to enucleate Difficulties. Secondly, the Paucity of these Instances gives room to think that they are only lucky Guesſes, the Effects of Chance, to whom we are indebted for a Multitude of Things, which raise our Admiration, only because we won't be at the Pains of investigating their real Cause and Origine.

If I were inclined to impose upon your Easiness of Belief in what comes from me, an Instance would be very pat here, which is said not only to have happened in the Reign of *Lewis* the XIVth, but in which that great Monarch himself was concerned.

One who set up to characterise Persons from their Hand-Writing, became known to Madam de——, by Means of R——, an Officer of her Household; and as R—— could counterfeit the King's Hand, so that his Majesty himself could not perceive the Artifice; he was ordered to give her a Specimen of a few Lines; then sending for this *lynceous* Conjuror, she submitted them to his Examination. He dealt entirely upon
 the

the Square ; for without any Enquiry about the Writing, or any Fear of the Consequences of his Freedom of Speech, in a Country where it lies under such Restraints, that Caution has rendered Diffimulation habitual, he spoke his whole Mind (than which nothing could be worse) upon the Writing. But, admire the Subterfuge of this Blade: when he had gone through his scandalous Decyphering, and that Madam *de* ——— was for making him believe the Writer was no less than the King himself; he readily answered, That his Art extended only to Men, and not to Kings; but that, if it was the Writing of a private Person, the Picture, however ugly, was like. Madame *de* ———, who had too much Reason to know, that *R*—— was not a whit better than he had been described, dismissed the Physiognomist with a Gratitude for his unparalleled Skill. At a favourable Juncture, she confessed to the King the Freedom she had taken; and his Majesty was the more delighted with the Trial, as it evidenced that there were Differences betwixt his Writing and that of *R*——, which the Conjuror had seen into, as being the Grounds on which he

founded his Interpretation so opposite to any Thing in himself, and in every Point so exactly suitable to R——. However, she took Care not to make a public Talk of her Experiment, as it might not have met with such a favourable Construction from every Body.

This Fact, as it stands thus, makes prodigiously for Scriptural Physiognomy, yet alarms that Suspicion with which every thing that favours of the marvellous ought to be entertained. For however it may appear pregnant with Demonstration, it is not so much as solidly conclusive; first, because, there is no Certainty that the Fact, in every Circumstance, quadrates with my Account, though I had it from very good Hands. To authenticate Facts, is a Work of extreme Intricacy: yet, were that previously settled, it would save a World of Clashings and Contentions. Secondly, might not this same sagacious Decypherer get some underhand Intelligence, that the Writing was by R——. Is it likely that he would have dared to declare to Madame *de* —— all his Conjectures about the King, when every one of them implied either Ridicule or Infamy.

my? Besides, who will aver, that this decyphering could not be fortuitous; as Chance overrules a Multitude of such Occurrences, though imagined by the Generality to have no Share in them.

Any thing out of the common Course cannot easily work itself into my Belief, and among others the Case in question; for were there so near a Resemblance betwixt R——'s Writing, and that of the King, the necessary Consequence, according to this System, must be, that their +
Tempers were not very different; which is notoriously false, all Nations, his most obstinate Enemies themselves, allowing that his Majesty possessed in an eminent Degree all the Qualities of a Gentleman; Nature had adapted both his Mind and his Heart for Sovereignty. His Subjects conferred on him the sublime Title of *the Great*; other States acquiesced in the Propriety of the Honour, which will be perpetuated by Posterity, ever just in its Estimate and Veneration of Merit.

Before this Story receive the Stamp of Truth, I would have it brought to the Test, by such Reflections on Writing as these: It is out of all question, that most of us write ill or well, according

*No, writing by R—— was not natural
but a perfect, or a passing of some other*

as we have learned, that the Teachings of the Master in a great measure give the Turn to our Writing, and we endeavour to cut our Letters by his Copies; yet an Affinity betwixt the Master's Talents and Inclinations, and those of a School full of Boys is not so much as supposable in general. Another Consideration is, that it is the Calling which makes the skilful Penman. We either improve our Skill or neglect it, according to the Necessity of our Affairs; and many a one who could write a very fair Hand at his Entrance into the World, his subsequent Station not requiring the frequent Use of the Pen, he becomes so disused, that the Writing of the Man won't shew by that of the Youth; yet his Negligence in this Point does not imply a Negligence in all others.

Lastly, Writing being a Matter of Art, and a Mechanism to which we are brought by a kind of forced Position and Motion of the Fingers; (for we are not formed naturally for Writing, as for walking, speaking, and other essential bodily Functions, to all which the human Organization so corresponds, that we do them of ourselves, and with Ease)

evidences,

evidences, that Writing is an Accessary besides the Purport of Nature, and consequently that Writing having more of Art than Nature in it, must be, if at all, a very imperfect Indication of Nature, which having numberless Ways, and such as are of its own Designation, by which to make itself known, it is not supposable, that it would reveal itself in a Way which is not derived from itself, which is independent of it, and whose Relation to it is only collateral: However, as there is no excelling, even in Things wholly artificial, if Nature be not suitably adapted, and the Work be set about *invitâ minervâ*, as the Ancients Phrase was: So this Aptitude of Nature will shew itself in any artificial Performances to which it has concurred. This Assistance, the Origin and Impresses whereof are attended to by very few, and so delicate as to be often frustrated and extinguished by the Faults of the Workman, is the only Sign or Index by which any Judgment is to be formed of him. Now, can so slight a Mark be the Clew to lead us to a thorough Discernment of his whole Character? If this Mark were so expressive in Writing, it must equally hold good

good in Sculpture and Painting ; so that from a Sight of a Statue or Picture, you might determine the intellectual and moral Qualities of the Artist ; which is not so.

Here, then, let us hold, that in Writing, as in Sculpture and Painting, some general Idea may be formed of the Artists by their Works ; they may afford some Glimmerings of their Vivacity or Dulness, of the Delicacy or Coarseness of their Touch ; of the Dispositions or Obstacles implanted in them by Nature to those several Arts : But to analyse the whole Man, to pass a decisive Verdict on all his Tempers, is Caprice and Adulation, or Malignity. The Conformity must be merely casual, and tends to foster in us a dangerous Fanaticism, which, heated by the Success of Trials of little or no Moment, may proceed to others equally groundless, but far worse in their Consequences.

I have seen many who could readily alter their natural Writing into another so very different from it, that any of these *scriptural* Physiognomists must have concluded from the Hands, that they were defining two very opposite Persons,

Supple

Supple Fingers perform all such Counterfeits, and the most which can be concluded from them, is no more than a Knack of imitating the Skill or Aukwardness of others.

To this possibly may be objected, what I have heard often maintained, but by Persons who argued loosely, that every one has his peculiar Way in the Formation of Letters, and that this Peculiarity, which is inimitable, is the Seat of *scriptural Physiognomy*, as if this Formation was not liable to be altered by Design, Neglect, a bad Pen, or Hurry, and that it did not depend in general on the first Turn our Hand took when under the Master's Guidance and Instructions. Besides, as I used to urge, state me this Formation; let me know wherein it consists, what it is, what are the Modes thereof; after all, the Principles whereby it is to be examined, can be no other than those which I have already expressed.

As to Childrens Writing being like that of their Fathers, it is far from being always so; but were the Resemblance universal, it would still make more against the Physiognomy of Writing;

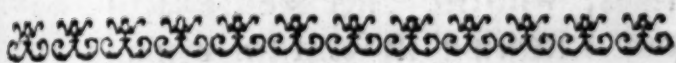
ing ; since, however alike the Writings might be, the Disposition of Fathers and Children are usually seen to be extremely different.

But I am asked, Children are like their Father, at least in Shape ; why, then, such a Difference in Temper ? Answer you, who judge of the Mind by the Shape, the Solution does not concern me. All I shall say to it is, that Shapes and Physiognomies are Things so different, that there may be a perfect Likeness of Shapes, where there is not the least of Physiognomies, and that it is the Physiognomy which is the Rule of our Judgment, without any Regard to the Shape.

I believe what has been said abundantly shews, that little Stress is to be laid on Writing, which being mechanical, and having only a secondary Connection with Nature, all Systems for explaining natural Properties by it, must, in the very Nature of Things, be deficient and inconclusive.

This Araigment of *scriptural* Physiognomy ought to prepossess you in favour of my general System of Physiognomies, as to admit the Shadows of
Fancy,

Fancy, and argue from airy Ideas, after rejecting a System, because not warranted by incontestable Principles, would be acting in Contradiction to myself, and the direct Way to gain no Converts, but such as are not worth having: However, it must be left to you, and I am, &c.



I. E T T E R IX.

YOU are continually telling me, that I shall bring more Adversaries upon my Back than I am aware of; but be it known to you, that I shall have many more Fautors to second me than you apprehend. Every body is pleased to see any other in the same Track of thinking with himself: Now, Court, City and Country swarm with a Tribe who conceit themselves to be Adepts in Physiognomy, and who imagine they comprehend all I say, whereas, in Fact, it is a dead Letter to them; not that I plume myself with the Suffrages of such Folks, yet they will serve to

to wrangle and clamour in my Behalf against such of my Opponents who are as futile as themselves, and who censure with the same Ignorance as they approve.

But the cardinal Motive which lies next my Heart, and determines me to undertake a formal System of Physiognomy, is, the great Number of those who have an actual Skill in Physiognomies, who decypher them exactly, without knowing it, and to whom a clear Discovery, that they are well founded, would be the highest Satisfaction. We often presume ourselves to be so when it is otherwise. Now this is called teaching others Wit, and is of all other Sciences the most noble and beneficent, and so critical, that it is not every one who has a Stock of Wit sufficient for their own Turn, who is capable of it. Besides, I claim no Acknowledgment, no Respect from any who may be benefited by my Instructions. To give a rational Gratification to their Self-Love, is my present Satisfaction, as their commendable Use of it is the sole Recompence I have in View, and herein, I trust, that from their known Ingenuoufness, I shall not be frustrated.

Yester-

Yesterday a Lady gave herself the Trouble to visit me; the Occasion was to know my Thoughts of her. As I had long since seen into her physiognomically, I made her pray me over and over not to say any thing to her. She extolled me to the very Skies, and enlarged with profuse Elocution on her own Deserts; for, by her Account, and she seemed to mean no less, she was wanting in no one amiable or useful Quality. She took her Leave, if not with an Air of Exultation at any Encomiums, yet of entire Satisfaction at my Silence, which had afforded her the Freedom of displaying Abundance of the most brilliant Wit, as she imagined.

Among the insipid, groveling Multitude there are not wanting some who have a noble Disposition and endearing Commerce; but he who can take up with none but the perfect, must find the Inconveniency of such a Nicety, the Number is so very small, and a Confinement to a few, tho' the best of Company is apt to breed a Lassitude; besides, these are not accessible to every one. I am sorry that the Chevalier *de* — is not to your Taste: Possibly you may have judged

judged of him by the Temper of the Day ; and there is no knowing him truly that Way. He is quite void of any Art or Disguise ; all is natural in him to the highest Degree. He is ever just as the Weather happens to make him. His Temper is a perfect Barometer ; with all his Struggles, after an equable Situation of Mind, he finds himself invincibly over-ruled by the Impressions of the Air. No Place like *Languedoc*, he says, for benign Influences, and an exhilarating Æther : His Mind as sensibly acquaints him of a Change in the Air, as the Breast of Valetudinarians ; and if he may be credited, the exactest Instruments do not foretell Rain, fair Weather, or Wind, more punctually than himself. He is the most diversified Field of Physiognomies of any who have come under my Inspection ; a thousand different Tempers, and not one of them odious, concenter in him. If a Disposition, the opposite Extreme to Tenacity, has betrayed him into some Errors, himself has been the only Sufferer ; his Faults have not affected the Fortune, Person, or Reputation of any one. Recollect if it was not a foul Day when he was with you ; for I am
cer-

certain, that otherwise you must have been taken with him. If he calls upon you again, let me desire you to keep him till the Weather clears up; then you'll be entertained with a Change which seems to you so inconceivable, and of which I would by all means have you convinced.

The apparent Similarity betwixt the Structure of human Bodies in general, does not exclude an infinite Difference betwixt them; these Differences, though only particular, relate to the whole, and are sometimes of such Weight, as to preponderate against any principal Part, and decide the Workings of the whole Machine.

We have all Pores; these Pores are a Kind of imperceptible Apertures, through which something is perpetually going out of, or coming into our Bodies, but in general, the former is much the larger Quantity. These Pores are not alike in all Bodies, some having next to none, some being full of them; in some they are closed, and in others open. Now, why may not the Pores of the Chevalier's Body be such as to admit the Air more easily than in most other Bodies?

dies? Whence it may result, that there is a more copious Influx into his Body of the adust, humid, and all other Qualities of the Air; that this Congeries of opposite Qualities must act upon his Body with uncommon Force, and intimately communicate themselves to his Nerves and Muscles; and the more, if there be in the Nerves and Muscles any particular Disposition to admit such a Permeation.

By these Nerves and Muscles the Body is indubitably moved; they externally execute spiritual Operations, as they perform all corporeal Operations. If these Instruments happen to be disordered, their Operation is so too, and when they are in Tune, their Operation is answerable: But if the Blood, which is the Support of these Instruments, and from which they derive their proper Activity, be primarily subject to the Impressions of the Air, whether they proceed immediately from without, or our Food, with which Air is always incorporated, be their Vehicle, what can withhold your Assent, as there seems to be a kind of Dependence, that there may be a good deal of Analogy
and

and Resemblance betwixt the daily Disposition of some Persons, and the predominant Temperature of the Air, and that in all its Variations.

A very short Illustration will, I am certain, convince you that it must naturally be so. The Lungs receive still a greater Quantity of Air than what is admitted through the Pores, that being their only Aliment, and the Life and Office of them consisting in a perpetual Reception and Emission of the Air. Allow but the same Consequences to the Impression of the Air on the Lungs, as have been shewn to result from its Impression on the Pores, and it will be manifest, that the Blood, between which and the Lungs there is a necessary and never-ceasing Communication, must partake of whatever may happen in the Lungs themselves; and if once the Blood, by means of the Lungs, and the Nerves and Muscles by the Pores, or by the Blood circulating through them, are impregnated with the Qualities of the Air in their full Force, why should it seem strange, even to be denied, that the Humour and Carriage of a Person, in whom this Impregnation

tion is more copious, and more forcible than in others, the Blood and Nerves of his Body absolutely deciding his external Operations, should correspond and keep Time with the Temperature of the Air? Moreover, the Causes of this Impressibility continuing the same, produce a Change in the outward Man with every Variation of the Weather.

Possibly you'll next challenge me, that I should explain to you the different Qualities of the Air, which are infinite, the Arrangement and Figures of the Nerves and Pores, of the Particles of Blood, and of the Lungs, which in every Man are not perfectly alike, and of which our Discoveries are hitherto but incomplete; and that after all this, I should demonstrate to you the Analogy of these several Things. But nothing of this is to be expected, the Effects should be convictive, and in Matters wherein our Senses afford us but such a very dim Light, we ought, without Cavil, to acquiesce in Probability. I am, &c.

L E T.

LETTER X.

YOU tell me my last gave you a great deal of Pleasure ; I wish you Joy of it ; for as studious as I am in search of Pleasure, it is often wanting to me. To put any other Pleasure upon a Level with that of the Mind, argues a most depraved Taste of Pleasure. I allow a Mixture of Pleasures ; it is consonant to our Composition, which is itself such a wonderful Mixture ; and let us improve this Mixture by Variety. An uniform Happiness soon loses its Relish, and palls upon the Sense. Variety is said to be the Life of Pleasure, and that all concur in this Saying, is evident, from our excessive Fondness for it in every thing.

This Letter will not come up to the last, though the Scope thereof be the same, and I hope that, so far, it will not be disagreeable to you. Do you know whence it comes, that some stupid Persons are found to have an uncommon deal of Wit in their Dreams ? The Answer to this Question would carry me very far, so I shall contract it for you.

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It is scarce any longer doubted of, that we differ more from each other by our Organization, and the Mixture of Humours, than by the Soul itself, of whose abstruse Nature we shall never attain to any clear and competent Knowledge: Therefore it is a compleat or a defectuous Organization, or a proportionate or disproportionate Mixture of Humours, which makes the Wit or the Dolt. Let none exclaim against this Hypothesis as dishonourable to Humanity.

From whatsoever Origin the Men of Genius derive their Pre-eminence, it gives them no room to be proud of it; a compleat Organization, or a happy Mixture of Humours, being no more at their Choice than a comprehensive Soul. If the external Actings of the Soul are over-ruled by the Organization and Humours; if our Parts can be judged of only by these external Actings, which cannot vary from the Organization and Humours, whilst they continue in their original Disposition and Quality; we shall be accounted stupid or witty, just as they exhibit us.

The

The Force of this original Disposition is, in the Generality, observed rather to strengthen with Age, and very seldom to decline; so that it is very nearly the same when a Life has reached a hundred Years, as it was at the Age of fifteen. If Children are born with crooked Legs, is it ever seen that Age straightens them? And if they are born stupid, how can they become witty? It is not every one who is a capable Judge when a Child is really stupid. Many a Child looks to be so, who is quite the contrary. It is a faulty Way of speaking to say, Such a Child, whom I knew next-kin to an Idiot when he was ten Years old, has now an uncommon Share of Wit; say rather, That Child, whom at such an Age I *imagined* to have little or no Wit, now shews me that I was egregiously mistaken.

There is a wide Difference betwixt having Organs as yet hampered, or Humours, whose Mixture is not perfected, and having Organs, the settled Tension whereof produces Stupidity, or Humours, of whose present Mixture, Stupidity is the necessary Result. The one is a casual Infirmary, which Time will

amend; the other is a Work of Nature, which alters not, though its Variety be infinite, and it works opposite Extremes from the same Things, differently, but imperceptibly, combined.

How happens it then, that the same Person, who is stupid when he is most awake, can have witty Dreams? or, he, who when cool, is a meer Oaf, may be quite humourous in his Cups? These two Instances are too much alike to be disjoined; all their Difference lies in the Manner; and the Principles which I have advanced, lead to the Solution of both these Enigma's, intricate as they seem.

These two Persons, who are under a necessary Stupidity by the Course of the Motion within them, and who must remain so whilst this Motion is in the same Direction and Quantity, may, by any violent and extraordinary Agitation, or by any Quiescence happening within them, appear in a very different Character. Imagination amuses itself during the Relaxation, which Sleep brings on the strongest Organs; its Force and Delicacy are improved by this Cessation, and act with a Freedom from

from which it is debarred, when the bodily System is in a general Motion.

Represent to yourself a Person strictly watched by several Centinels; who, at last, being overcome with Sleep, he goes out, and in, without Obstruction, makes his Appearance in many Places, where, before this fortunate Sleep, if he had dared, he could not shew his Head. Such is the Soul of a stupid Man when sleeping; his Organs are his Guards, which are no sooner relaxed by Sleep, than his Soul, having free Egress and Regress, wanders in the Joy of uncontrouled Liberty; the Variety of Characters which it assumes, and the Series of Adventures in which it is engaged, during its Rovings, will prove an admirable Production, which yet if he happens to relate it when awake, shall entertain every body, but himself; his Guards now strike his Soul with a stupifying Terror, and shackle its Activity.

The like Wonder may Wine operate on a stupid Man; the *Medium* is indeed as different, as the Effects are similar. The dreaming Man owes his Interval of Wit to natural Rest; whereas Wit in the

enebriated Man, is the Result of a superinduced Action.

Immoderate Draughts of Wine, vellelicate the Nerves, and agitate the Juices, by the Fermentation which Intemperance produces. As this Concussion accelerates that slow Motion which is natural to the Juices of a torpid Person; it also puts his Organs into brisker Play; so that, in this extraordinary Agitation, the stiff Organ relaxes, and the relax Organ stiffens: There is pretty near the same Revolution in the Humours; that which predominated over all the others, is dispossessed of its Power; and possibly, that which was weakest of all obtains the Mastery, and lords it over those, among which it is of no manner of Influence in a State of Sobriety. The general Alteration of the corporeal Machine, caused by this superinduced Violence, from what it is in its natural Motion, being duly attended to, can it appear strange, that the primary Instruments of the Mind, being now in a different State from what they were before the Glasses began to circulate, the Productions of the Soul, which are dependent on those Instruments, should be
pro-

proportionably different, and that he, who when sober, had not a Word to say for himself, should gradually brighten into a Wit, by the Influence of Wine working a Change (but a temporary one) in the natural Temperament and Texture of his Body. I would not be thought to mean by this Way of Arguing, though it often holds good, that every drunken or dreaming Oaf becomes a Wit: No; the Quality and Quantity of the Liquor, the present Habit of Body, must concur to producing the Wit of the Drunkard: And as for that of the Dreamer, it may be improved or frustrated by the Temperature of his Body, or the Incidents of the Day; so that in both, the Wit is precarious. All my Drift is, to clear up to you an odd kind of Phænomenon, which may fall in your Way; that a Man whom you know to be naturally a mere Mope, is found capable of Wit under two Influences extreamly different; the Quiescence of Sleep, or the Perturbations of Drunkenness.

What has been said of Dreaming and Drinking, holds equally good in other innumerable Occurrences, which throw the Body into an Emotion, the Effects

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whereof are so opposite to Nature, that every one is amazed to see such a total Transformation in a Person; and possibly by means of the same Principle, we may account for the seemingly miraculous Exclamation of the dumb Child, who by calling his Father by his Name, which does not occur to me now I want it, saved him from the Death which he was on the Point of undergoing. If it were in your Power to forbear Dreaming, as much as it is in your Inclination to forbear Drinking; I would advise you to have as little to do with the former, as you have with the latter, to keep both at the greatest Distance; lest, whether drunk or dreaming, you become stupid from the same irresistible Alteration in the Mechanism of the Machine, whence the stupid Man derives his Wit. Adieu, I long to know how you relish these Chimera's of mine; for the wise ones will doubtless afford them no better Name.

L E T-

LETTER XI.

HELP! or I am a lost Man. The Subject of my last Letter required an Accuracy, which would by no means allow me to send it to you in its original Form and Substance. Now, it has happened, that the rough Draught of it lying, according to my usual Negligence, upon my Table, a Critic, of more Curiosity than Manners, laid his Hand upon it, and will never forgive me for talking in such a manner of the human Soul. His Idea of it is still more dishonourable than any thing which ever dropt from my Pen, though he defines it at large, and speaks of it as if he had seen it with his Eyes, and has built, on the Nature and Existence thereof, the wildest System which ever was hatched in any Castle-builders Noddle. He vows that he'll lay the Matter before you, and seems so sure of your declaring yourself against me, that nothing but the Sense of your Candour and Perspicacity buoyes up my Spirits under such tremendous Menaces.

I confess my Ignorance in relation to the Soul; and on that Account speak of it with Diffidence and Respect, as should be done in all obscure and doubtful Cases. Matter is not thoroughly known to me; Matter! with which I am ever conversant, which strikes my Sight every where in an innumerable Variety of Appearances; my Knowledge of its constituent Principles is very superficial, and I cannot, with any Confidence, take upon me to affirm, though authorized by Shoals of Philosophers, that it is composed of four, or only three Elements, which are each abstractedly in Matter, and whereof the primordial Principles should be investigated, only they unluckily lie too deep for our Researches, and should bewilder our Understanding in the Mases of Infinity.

What the Motion is, whereby it is impelled or agitated, I know not, the Vacuum where it is not, and the Place, of which its being there is the only Designation, are also Mysteries to me. Thus short-sighted and ignorant, (though my Fellow-Mortals see no farther into these Matters than I do, only I make no Secret of my Infirmary) what Acquaintance

tance can I pretend to with the Soul, of which I never could have the least Glimpse? whose singular Nature comes not within the Cognisance of any of our Senses, which are the only means of Perception, with which we are furnished; of which, in vain, I have stretch'd all my Powers to trace any Shadow of a Resemblance in all the Multiplicity of Objects which croud this so diversified Scene of Things; whose Essence and manner of Acting baffle all Disquisition, and command Astonishment.

It really argues a very waspish Disposition, to storm at and molest a Person, purely because he has not pronounced magisterially on what he could have no Ideas of: Things would go much better in every Shape, if no one affirmed beyond what he knew; Animosities would subside, and Controversies being cleared of Hypotheses, be soon brought to a luminous Period. I can imagine but one warrantable Way of discoursing of the Soul; which is, to discourse of the Operations thereof as dependent on the Body; for by these only can it be known, as it is by these only that it manifests itself to our Senses. Let us suppose it to

be what the Schoolmen and Divines will have us to believe it is; but in discouraging of it, let us attend to its external Productions; thus, let us say, such a one has Wit, because his Works abound with it; such a one has none, because there is not the least Appearance of any in all he says or does. But, here you'll be apt to cry out, what an undeserved Disgrace doe some Souls suffer! Souls of an equal Perfection to those of the most accomplished Persons, but wretchedly inclosed in Bodies, by whose irresistible Influence, nothing comes from them but Nonsense, Indecencies, and Immorality. Spare yourself that Concern; probably it may one Day be cleared up, that their Existence in Vehicles seemingly so misallied, was for the best. In the mean time, let a Consciousness of our limited Intellects confine our Attention to what is obvious to our Senses; let us judge of a Man's Parts and Qualities, of the Goodness of his Mind and Heart, by those Denotatives which Nature has delineated on his Body. Equal to his vast Knowledge certainly was the Wisdom and Penetration of that eminent *Scotchman*, of whom I read this Anecdote with infinite Pleasure: Having suffered

suffered in his worldly Possessions by forsaking the *Northern Heresy*, and afterwards making a public Profession of *Catholicism* at *Rome*, he expected, that in Consideration of his Losses and Learning, the *Pope* would bestow a Pension upon him: But being one Day introduced to present his Case to his Holiness in Person, he, after some Stay, broke away suddenly. A Friend of his expressing great Concern at such an Abruptness to the most venerable Person on Earth; he replied, It is to no Purpose for me to stay here any longer, amidst the hateful Bustle of a rapacious Court; for I know, of a Certainty, that he will never be prevailed on to give me a single Brass Farthing; Stingyness stares in his Physiognomy; he has a *negative Face*.

This is called investigating the Characters of Men, and deciding them by the Physiognomy. By this discreet Conduct, whilst they who presumptuously go about to canvass the Nature of the Soul abstractedly in the Essence thereof, continue groping amidst Clouds of impenetrable Darkness; others more humble, having fixed their Observations on its Effects, and viewed its Workings through material

material Mediums, have attained to some Illuminations, and discourse of it with more Clearness and Rationality.

May the Ambition of those, who affecting to be thought high-flown Geniuses, descant on the Soul as particularly as if they had seen it in *puris naturalibus*, be censured, decried, and exploded, as a phaetontic Frenzy ; but without any Molestation to others, who viewing the Soul through a Veil, under which it exhibits itself, though, indeed, but imperfectly, have, by their Attention to this Veil, been enabled to give the most specious Account of the Soul, which it is apprehended this State will admit, ascertaining the Spirituality thereof by their respectful Cautiousness in speaking of it, much better than the hypercritical Declamations of others, who, after all, know nothing of the Matter. I say, let not these modest Speculatists be hooted at as brain-sick, or stigmatised as impious, but rather countenanced to prosecute their judicious System.

You perceive now, I am upon laying before you the true Principles of my Science ; if that Appellation agrees with an Instinct or natural Talent, which I did

not

not invent, though I have improved it by a Multitude of Reflections, in which I have even found more Entertainment than Difficulty, which is far from being the Case in all Reflections. Not that I am averse to them, as the Multitude is; very far from it, I place a very high Value upon them, and strive to habituate and fix my Faculties in them.

In order to the Enjoyment of Pleasure, that Reason should be turned out of Doors, is what I can by no means subscribe to; and what Necessity is there for it? For my Part, Reason and Reflections, its inseparable Attendants, so far from causing or fomenting my Troubles, have afforded me the sweetest Alleviations under them; and often suggested to me effectual Expedients for putting an End to them: nay, I protest, in all the true Pleasures which ever fell to my Lot, they had a considerable Share, and where they are wanting, there's no such thing as Pleasure of any kind for me; and Humanity is debased and bestialized where it is otherwise. I am such a warm Stickler for them, that I can't endure those Songs which decry them as cynical, and incompatible

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patible with with every thing that is gay, festive and diverting. Not that I set up on this Account for a more philosophic Turn of Mind, or a more refined Use of my Reason, than others; no, I may often be ranked among the simple ones, amusing myself with such Puerilities as would put others to the Blush: yet I could quote *Agésilas*, (whom, would to God, all Sovereigns resembled!) playing at boyish Sports with his Children. The Amount of all I have said, is that I value my Reason; that I have reaped great Advantage from it; that my particular Disposition, which was primarily modified by it, has exercised it more for my Entertainment than Perplexity; and that as, of all Things in Life, it has given me the least Vexation, so am I beholden to it for the most exquisite Gratifications. I am, Sir.



L E T T E R XII.

AFTER all the Stones thrown against my Method of judging of the Soul by its external Operations, it will

will bear itself out; there is a continual Necessity of recurring to it, whilst every System which builds on any other Basis must fall to the Ground, as presumptuous and visionary. You, my Friend, who are conversant with the Literature of all Ages, must be sensible into what strange Meanders primitive Fathers as *Tertullian* and *Anselme*, and modern Philosophers, as *Malebranche*, *Locke*, &c. have run in their abstract Disquisitions on the Nature and Operations of the Soul. My Method once rejected, who shall find another Explanation of those Alterations, whether sudden or gradual, in the same Person, under which he is utterly another Creature? What *Rationale* can be given for the Impresses made on the Soul by the least Irregularity either in the Motion of the Organs, the Course of the Blood, or the Quality of the Juices? How can those Aversions or Inclinations, kindled at first Sight, with their Increase or Extinction, be otherwise accounted for? Into these three principal Variations are reducible all the others, to which we are subject, and whereof the Elucidation puts us to such a Stand. It is to little purpose to ascribe Passions to the Soul; there

there are Difficulties to which this Attribute affords no Solution ; besides, I would fain know of those who are so warm against my external System, what the Word Passions can import, exclusively of the Body ?

There is no Man, I believe, who does not dislike his being so frequently in and out of Humour. Were it a Matter of Choice, every one would chuse a perpetual Hilarity. There is no such thing as being pleased with those saturnine Seasons, when we can't draw one sprightly Thought from the Soul, and, even to speak, is a Trouble.

Are not Composedness and Constancy greatly desirable in Sickness ? but where are they seen ? We daily curse our Forwardness in taking a Fancy to hateful Persons, and are as much displeased with our Shyness towards the Worthy. As spiritual as these Operations seem, there is no explaining them without having Recourse to the Body. These gloomy Days which put us quite out of Conceit with ourselves, are brought upon us by the Incumbrance in the Organs, or an Interception of the animal Spirits. The least Irregularity in the Fibres suffices

to reduce an admirable Wisdom to a pitiable Folly. These Sympathies, at which we are apt to wonder, arise entirely from a Harmony of the Organs or Humours, as Antipathies or Aversions are equally owing to a Dissonance thereof.

To lay down these Principles, is, I own, a very easy Matter, and to elucidate them as difficult. However, the Obscurity of the Subject is in some measure diminished by the Exhibition of sensible Reasons for establishing one Principle preferably to another. They at least afford us a Glimpse; and can we pretend to clear Sunshine, even in the material Works of Nature?

Some may conceit to solve all these Phænomena, by supposing an Inequality of Souls, and without being able to offer any thing solid in support of their Hypothesis, will advance, that a Diversity of Souls may with no less Reason be thought to produce such a Variety of Tempers, Abilities; and Inclinations, than a Diversity of the Fluids and Organs. After all, what is the Principle to us, if it lies beyond our Ken? This Uncertainty has not hitherto been incommodious;

modious; the Wheels of Life have moved chearfully under it; so that we may shift with our Ignorance for the short Residue of our Journey. What should we, in effect, be the better, could we clear up the Point to ourselves beyond all Doubt? would it add any real Worth to us? Away with all Sollicitude, with all Intenfeness of Mind, which Party we shall declare for in an inscrutable Problem. Indolence dictates to us to stand neuter; and I think, for once, its Advice is good.

If all the Opposition to me lay in Repugnancies and Antipathies, I should be inclined to overlook them; they are apt to run into such clashing Changes as would probably bring them to an End, without Argumentation to suppress them; but there will not be wanting some who will formally enter the Lists with me; and these I shall with Pleasure encounter. Under such an Incertitude, says one, it seems to me more analogous to Nature to ascribe these Effects to a Diversity of Souls, than of Humours, Fluids, Organs, and I know not what. These Effects being entirely of a spiritual Concern, require a similar Cause, as
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the Soul, which is a Spirit : The Organs and Humours are quite heterogeneous. Can it be construed any Arraignment of Nature to imagine Souls to be as different as Faces, beautiful and ugly, expressive and unmeaning? Is it not rather an Increase of Wonders, a farther Display of the infinite Power of the Sovereign of the Creation?

This System gives a better Title to every one's Allotments, and dignifies any Pre-eminence. The Difference betwixt the Wise and the Foolish, does not lie in the material Organs; no, much more elevated is the Principle of their Diversity, and the Nobleness thereof adds to his Glory, and animates his Joy in the Consciousness thereof. His Superiority is derived from the Soul, and consequently much more excellent than the other. Besides, it is monstrous to place all the Difference betwixt a Man of the brightest Parts and an Idiot on so slight a Diversity as that of the Fluids and Solids. That by a nicer Workmanship, and a more exact Arrangement of the Wheels and Movements, one Watch may be better than another, is self-evident ;

dent; acquainted with the Principle, we are not surpris'd at the Effects.

This Excellence, which is owing to Skill and Disposition, is free from all Mystery: The whole is Matter; the Effects of the best Watch are of a similar Nature with those of the worst. It is not so with the Man of Parts. Snow is not more different from Coal, than are his Manners from those of a Blockhead; and if the Principle of this were not his Soul, Matter must be it: Now, there is the same Principle to the Blockhead as to the Sage, then why are his Actings so different? Why, certainly the Cause lies in the Diversity of Souls. This Way of Reasoning has in it a kind of Verisimilitude, but which gains only upon such as are Strangers to a Depth of Thought, and will have all Things to be just as their superficial Notions represent them.

There cannot be a more faulty Way of Argumentation, than to say, that it is so, because it ought to be so; and there cannot be a juster than to discuss the Thing in itself, abstracted from all Suppositions. A Multitude of Effects are admitted, the Causes whereof remain hidden,

hidden, and of which it would be dangerous to form any Conjectures upon such a Rule as this, *That ought to be ; ergo it is*. But to the Declamation itself, if Men were not liable to change, but continued immutable in what they once were ; if however opposite in their Dispositions from others, they were never at odds with themselves ; if they in Reality acted up to *Horace's* Rule for a dramatic Character,

servetur ad inum

Qualis ab incepto processerit & sibi constet,

it would go near to put the Inequality of their Souls out of all Dispute ; and the Diversity of their Morals and Intellects would then incontrovertibly be charged upon the Diversity of their Souls.

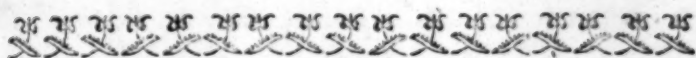
But when I see the same Man, and this is the general Case, under a continual Rotation of Changes, agitated from one Impression to another ; so that the wisest Man cannot secure himself from Intervals of Folly ; when I perceive the external Manifestations of the Soul to increase and decrease with the Body, and
old

old Age to be but another Childhood, through the Debility and Disorder of the Machine; when the greatest Difference among Men, which presents itself to my View, is that betwixt a wise Man and a Fool, a Difference which I cannot assign to any other Cause than the Organs; I am, as it were, constrained to say, though it be not quite intelligible to myself, that the Principle of the Diversity of Parts and Tempers, consists only in the Diversity of Organization, and that all the external Good or Evil in Man depends on the different Modifications and Arrangements of Matter; Matter which is infinitely susceptible of Vitiating or Amelioration, and whose continual Changes, small, no less than great, afford me a satisfactory Explanation of the Difference among Mankind in general, and of their particular Mutability.

The various Effects which come from us involuntarily, are a fresh Confirmation, that I have the right Key to this Cypher; they are sensible Evidences of our Subjection to that Matter, of which we are composed; and this Matter being congenial to that wherewith we are

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encompassed, it must naturally be liable to exterior Impressions, which by their Agitations may affect our Deportment and Temper, in a Manner quite displeasing to our calm Sentiments. I am, &c.



L E T T E R. XIII.

IT seems, then, that my three last Letters have occasioned a Censure, that I don't keep to my Text ; a Censure, however, which will not stick. My Drift was to shew, that Men were not to be estimated, but from their constituent Matter ; that they being unknowable by the Soul, as invisible, and which being equal in all Men, afforded no Solution for the Diversity of their Intellects and Morals (for were this to be decided from the Soul, all Men must be universally alike) there is a Necessity of recurring to the Body, which is so very variable, and of admitting it to be the Principle of all the Diversities among the whole Species, and the Inconsistencies in each Individual.

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So nice and cautious was *Pythagoras* in the Choice of his Disciples, that none were admitted, but such only whose comely Exterior warranted in some measure a beautiful Soul: An usual Saying of his was, It is not every Sort of Wood or Marble which are fit to represent an *Apollo*, or a *Mercury*. What an Alteration, but a most happy one, would a Conformity to this Maxim produce in all Ranks and Employments; and if they only were destined and trained up to fill them, in whom appear a Genius adapted to answer the Ends of their Institution!

Let it once be granted, that it is the different Combination and Texture of the Body, which must guide me in my Investigations of the Intellects and Temper, there can be no standing out against the Possibility, at least, of my deciding Physiognomies, whilst under the Guidance of a Principle so sensible, so [analogous to the Subject, and so proportionate to my Judgment. I must farther add, that the Body has two States, the Inside of the Body, and its Outside. These two States, which differ only with regard to us, as seeing the one, whilst the
other

other is out of our Sight, compose only one whole, which is under the Influence of its general constituent Principles ; so that what we do not see has such an intimate Communication, such an invariable Sympathy with the State which we do see ; that from the visible State we are enabled to form a Judgment, and a pretty sure one, of the invisible.

Thus every Day shews us People staring at Things which seem to them curious, even to a Prodigy, but their Astonishment is the Child of Ignorance ; for we Physiognomists, at first Sight, fail not to have an intellectual Sight of the hidden Springs, whereby they are produced, though these same Springs be quite hid from our Eyes. The certain and universal Knowledge of the interior Parts of the Body, fits us to pass our Judgment of what is within from external Tokens. This Knowledge, indeed, is often productive of no Manner of Effect, and unless applied to the Point which I am labouring to inculcate, its only Use, which is a very pitiful one, is to bewilder Fools, by enabling the *Penetrative* to discourse fluently of what

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to them is involved in *Egyptian* Dark-
ness.

240, / When this Knowledge is extended to
the utmost Verge of Improvement, it is
the most valuable Talent of a consum-
mate Physician, a Character almost
adorable, but also extremely rare. By
this Improvement they attain what is
called the Discernment of Distempers,
which of all the *Materia Medica* is the
most eminent, and for his unerring Skill,
in which, *Hypocrates* was held in such Ve-
neration, that he lost the *Apotheosis*, only
by being posterior to *Esculapius*; for
had they been Cotemporaries, and stood
Competitors, I could venture to say,
the Election, if fairly conducted, would
have gone in favour of *Hypocrates*. Ad-
mire the Genius of the Man! At the
Sight only of a Patient he infallibly de-
clared his Distemper, foretold its Vari-
ations, Progress, Stages, and Issue;
and all this without scarce asking so much
as one Question to any who come for his
Advice. To suspect there was some la-
tent Magic under this Knowledge of
Hypocrates, would be sinking into the
Superstition of our sagacious Foresa-
thers If he could declare the inward
State

State of the Body in innumerable Particulars from its outward Appearance ; and if our Physicians of Distinction manifest the same Penetration, and tell a Person's Condition, if not his Destiny, at Sight, this Knowledge must arise from an intimate and continual Communication and Sympathy betwixt the inward Parts of the Body, and those which are obvious to the Eye.

The more dangerous Distempers are, their Principle is generally the more manifest ; the Impression on the outward Part is more forcible, and consequently the external Indications more legible. Physicians, who have attained to Perfections in this Branch of their Science, cannot fail of becoming nice Physiognomists ; a Facility in applying to the Soul, what they limit to the Body, does the Business.

This admirable Discernment is rather a natural Talent even in a Physician, than the Acquisition of Study or Observation. A very little Study brings him to Perfection, if he has the Root of the Matter in him ; a Knowledge (but a thorough one) of the Texture and Oeconomy of the Body, is all the Pains he

must be at; the rest comes of itself. They, to whom Nature has denied this Aptitude, may study themselves blind, without attaining any Insight into this peculiar Point.

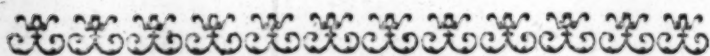
Another Difference betwixt the Discernment of Distempers, and what I mean by the Talent of Physiognomy, which also goes under the Name of Metoscopy, is, that the Discernment of Distempers implies a Study of the Body; whereas very little will do for the Talent of Physiognomy; it appears to be an Emanation of Nature, nor is it the peculiar Portion of eminent Geniuses; many who are possessed of it could not give a clear Account of their Manner of judging, however persuaded of its infallible Certainty.

But to close, for otherwise the Cry would be, Here's Digression upon Digression; though to charge a Writer with Digression is the frequent Subterfuge of Laziness, which is unwilling, or of Ignorance, which is unable, to follow him; I say, let the Conclusion be, that no Person has a predominant Temperature, which does not plainly manifest itself either in the Colour
and

and Quality of the Skin, or of the Eyes. This is a Conclusion which I believe no Naturalist will offer to controvert, and from it results another as certain, though not so generally understood, which is, the predominant Temperature decides the Turn of the Mind, for the Mind being universally in all Men the same, cannot derive that infinite Variety of Characters which every where imbitter or sweeten Society, but from that Predominancy which bends the Mind to the Inclinations or Aversions of which it is productive.

If then the Mind depends on the Bent, and that Bent is decided by the Temperature or Constitution of the Body, and that Temperature is discernible by an attentive View of the Exterior of the Body, this fairly justifies my Position, that the predominant Bent or Temper of the Mind comes under the Cognizance of the Sight; and this is no less than the Basis, the primordial Principle of the physiognomical Science, at the first, doubtless, looked upon so chimerical, that the bare Insinuation of it has been thought a Presage, that a low Diet, and a dark Room, would very soon suit me. Though

the warmest Signs of Friendship in Prosperity are not to be concluded to persevere in a Change, yet when that is my Case, I am confident, from the innate Excellency of your Temper, that you'll pity me ; but with Submission to those wise Heads, nothing is further from such Circumstances.



I. E T T E R XIV.

THE Disposition of the Mind being then the Result of the Habit of the Body, and the Habit shewing itself in the Colour and Modification of the Matter thereof, the Mystery is at an End ; and the inward Talents and Humours of a Man are to be concluded from a View of his Outside ; two Things remain still to be clear'd up. *1st.* How the predominant Temperature is to be known by the Colour and Modification of the external Matter. *2dly.* How the Knowledge of the predominant Matter leads to a Knowledge of the Character, or Bent of the Mind. The former of these Problems being wholly of a
ma-

material Nature, and the latter almost wholly spiritual, it speaks of itself, that the Solution of the former is much easier than of the latter, though this is not without its Spinofities. I shall first undertake that which seems the most obvious, the Knowledge of the predominant Complexion from the Colour and Configuration of Matter.

There are in all Bodies originary Principles, or primordial Elements, the different Combinations whereof produce all the Variety of material Beings. The daily Use which is made of Wood for Fewel, whereby the Analysis of that Body is performed by its own Action, shews us, that all Bodies are reducible to their primitive Elements; and if such a Reduction has been hitherto impracticable in any, it is to be imputed to our Ignorance of the effectual Methods, rather than to any Impossibility of that Reduction; nor does it in the least weaken a Conclusion, that these Bodies have their constituent Elements, though they have hitherto escaped us, because we are assured of the invariable Rule of Nature, equally to be admired in the Paucity of the Principles, which it ever

makes Use of, as in the boundless Variety of their Modifications. No very deep Knowledge of these Principles is required to form the Judgment in question; after a tolerable Application in the Study of their Qualities, which is the predominant Element in the Composition of a Body, is a Matter of Facility and Certainty; he must be a Chit in natural Knowledge, who errs in his Decision. The Chemists, who, instead of being the Corrupters, as I presume to call not a few of them, ought to be the Disciples or Improvers of Nature, cannot conceal their most multifarious Mixtures from the Eye of the *Connoisseurs*; these perceive the Drugs which they use through all the Disguise of ascitious Smells and Colours.

Whatever is the Produce of Nature is always easier to be known, however beyond Imitation, than any Contrivance of Art. It is some Alleviation to our Pride, under a Sense of Nature's Superiority, that we already are acquainted with many of its Secrets, and are daily making further Progress. Thus, we have got an undoubted Knowledge of the predominant Element in any Body, of that which, above any others, contributes

butes to giv it such or such a Quality, whether it be a Subject of the Sight, Smell, or Touch ; but to specify these Elements, and give a Detail of the respective Qualities derived from them in the Composition of Bodies, is not my Design ; the Instruction would not be an Equivalent for the Dryness.

The Combination of originary Principles is clearly understood to be in some sort infinite ; and on this account it will be thought better to avoid attempting to trace it through all its Flexuosities, than, after all, to leave it imperfect. Besides, it does not tend to my Scope ; and however agreeable such a Course might be to some, it would be tedious to those who are desirous of seeing me reach the Goal, and to myself, who would not so much as have bestowed a Word upon them, were it not to throw a Light upon the following Comparison.

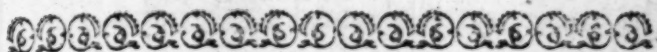
As in all material Bodies there are primary Elements, so in all human Bodies there are Fluids subordinate to those primary Elements, and derived from them ; and it is from the different Mixture of these Fluids that proceeds the different Complexions or Temperaments.

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ments. These Fluids or Humours, whose Relation to the originary Elements of all Bodies might easily be indicated, are commonly reduced to four, the Blood, Phlegm, Bile, and Choler, and have their distinguishing Colours assigned them ; red denotes Blood ; white Phlegm ; yellow Bile ; and green or black Choler. A Word or two dispatches the Configuration : The Constitution of Bodies of extraordinary Strength is on all Hands allowed to be excessively terrene, and atrabilarious. The Blood and Air abound in tender Bodies. The Phlegm is known to predominate in Women, whilst Men have a disproportionate Share of Choler. Some Philosophers would make no Difficulty to advance, that Women are Women only through a Deficiency of Heat.

Here's enough for one Letter : I must answer the chief Objections which lie against the Premises, before I proceed to my second Head, the Knowledge of the Bent of the Mind from the Knowledge of the Complexion of the Body. As for your Particular, be assured of my everlasting Love ; and you must think that

that I have the best Opinion of your Kindness, when I persuade myself that you are as little tired of reading what I write, as I myself am of writing.



LETTER XV.

I Was so full of my last Letter to you the whole Remainder of the Day, that I could not forbear laying open all the Contents of it to a most agreeable Company with whom I supp'd. The Ladies, one and all, shewed themselves piqued at the Saying, That Women were such only through a Deficiency of Heat, as highly contemptuous: These punctilious Creatures, though they scarce knew why or wherefore they took such Exception, were, nevertheless, to be pacified.

I at first plied them with all the Common-Places of Gallantry, to give a softer Turn to this unlucky Position; I told them, and it is the real Truth, that, to this Deficiency of Heat, which had kindled such an unseasonable Flame, they owed their fair Complexion, the Softness of

of their Skin, and even that of their Temper, besides an Exemption from those Toils and Labours, which could be supported only by the hotter Constitution of Men; that they were accounted the most amiable and delightful Part of the Community; that they were the Centre of all Endeavours; and that all the Return asked for the tender Care which is taken of their Lives and Possessions, and the Attention shewn to their Pleasures, is no more, than that they would be what they are; that the State of the happiest Man was far short of that of a lovely Woman; that if a Change were possible, they would be Losers by it; that our Situation was far from being so adapted to Pleasures as theirs, nor our Relish of them so lively; that we were haunted by Anxieties, Disquietudes, and Perturbations, which, with the atrabilarious Humours arising from our Habit of Body, frequently laid us on the Rack, and imbittered our most delicious Seasons; that as to Wit, it was manifest their Temperament was not inferior to ours, or rather that their Wit, when ever they pleased to exert it, had a Pungency and Refinement to which

which we cannot come up; that, upon consulting their Annals, they would find them full of the Victories of their Sex over Men; and that it would be a mistaken Pride to value ourselves upon the Difference of Complexion, the Superiority and Advantage being on their Side.

One more testy than the rest, without relenting at these Reasons, kept me to my Text, and asked me, How, if such was the Case, not a few Women were so vivid, and as many Men so heavy; that my Principle was far from being so general as I conceived; that there were some Women of a masculine Complexion, and some Men to whom it might be an Advantage to be taken for Women.

I rejoined, That this was all very true, that many Women seemed in some measure designed for Men, and many Men had a great deal of the Female in their Composition; that the Deficiency of the Completion in each arose from a Cause very little thought of: I desired her to observe, that Delicacy being the Criterion of Women, as Vigour was that of Men, where it was in the least otherwise,

wife, Matters are magnified, and the Decision often precipitate; but, Madam, continued I, give me leave to explain, as well as I am able, the first Part of my Answer, I mean, that unthought of Cause by which a Woman designed for a Man, failed of being such; and a Man designed for a Woman, was formed into a Man. Let a Fable, for it will scarce admit of any other, serve for an Illustration of the Mechanism of these Alterations.

You have heard, to be sure, of *Plato's Androgynus*; an Opinion of his was, that the Male and Female were but separated Parts of the same Whole; that this *Whole* was composed with a perfectly just Mixture of the four Temperatures; that Hot and Cold, Siccity and Moisture, being duly distributed, were also tempered by each other; that in order to the Formation of Man and Woman, this Whole was divided into two Portions; and that, upon such a Junction, Heat and Siccity usually remained together; whilst Cold and Moisture formed another Coalition; and that this produced the Female, as the Male owed the Distinction of his Being to the former. This Disjunction, it must be supposed, would sometimes be
subject

subject to Irregularities, leaving in one Portion what ought to have been in the other; now a Whole may be separated so diversly, that the Irregularities so visible in human Bodies, give me no manner of Surprise: Well then, imagine that the Women who have so much of the Man in them, and the Men who are so near a-kin to Women, are the Offspring of such jumbled Sejunctions, when Three-fourths of a male Composition has been left on that Side which was to form a Woman; and, on the other Hand, where a Man was to be formed, as much of feminine Particles.

This Division might be still carried farther, and serve to account for the Defectuosities in certain Bodies; whereby some having an Excess, others want their fitting Proportion.

From this Division, *Plato* derived the reciprocal Love of the two Sexes, and explained the Gradations of it from the greater or lesser Affinity betwixt the severed Parts: He would impute any invincible Sympathies, if any such there are, to the Meeting of the two Parts of the same Whole; and as for those, who loving each other ardently, marry in the
Impatience

Impatience of their Love, and afterwards hate each other no less heartily; this transient Fervour he charges upon the Couple's being misled by a seeming Affinity; and unhappily are not aware of the Illusion, till they have rendered it irremediable.

This Argumentation, however fabulous, pleased, and gave them, as they thought, a Glimpse of the Truth; so that we grew extremely facetious on the frequent Address of these Sejunctions; and made ourselves merry with the Complaints of the ignorant World, at a fine Woman with an ugly Fellow of a Husband, and so *vice versa*, seeing it is no more than a kind of Re-union of the two Parts of one ill-divided Whole.

This was succeeded by an endless Train of Questions about Constitutions and Temperatures, to which I rather gave such Answers as I judged would be most acceptable, than to embroil myself a new by a too frank and explicit Declaration. One of our Females, I knew was all on Fire, that I should tell her, that she loved Men; and to satisfy her better than even in her own Way, I advanced a Position, which filled her with Exultation,
and

and displeased no body ; that the Love of Men is in Women the surest Sign of a perfect Organisation, and harmonious Mixture of the Juices, as the Love of Women is in Men.

I was called upon for particular Instances; but I kept to general Assertions, which all tended to shew, that the plainest Operations of Nature are the most perfect; but that, wherein it compels a Multiplicity of Means, and of opposite Tendencies to co-operate in the Accomplishment of its Ends, there it is most to be admired.

Many were the Documents we inferred from these Principles, relating to the reciprocal Conduct of Men and Women. We pitied those who take Offence at the Force of the correspondent Inclinations in Youth: To moderate them, we agreed, was proper, as being feasible; but not to go about depressing them; which is not only lost Labour, but ever brings on the most miserable Changes, of which the true Cause remains hidden.

What crowned this Supper, was, that I there made a Profelyte to Physiognomy, and one who will prove an Honour

nour to my System, and I account it no small one to repeat what I hope you are persuaded of, that no body is with more Attachment, &c.



L E T T E R XVI.

THAT I make it so easy a matter to distinguish the predominant Temperature, amazes not a few, and I own, with some Appearance of Reason, especially when considered as an Indication, or rather Cause, of the prevailing Bent of the Mind; as these two Determinations seem to imply an Intelligence above the Lot of Mankind.

I cheerfully encounter all Objections which offer themselves; I even rumage my Mind for more, and anticipate every thing which may impugn my System. The most weighty, I think, are these two: First, from whence every Individual derives his Constitution: Secondly, how to account for the Variations of this Constitution, which, in the same Person, is far from being always permanent, or the same at fifty as at fifteen.

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As to the first, many Things which are overlooked or unknown, must be considered as of very great Influence in forming and giving the decisive Turn to the Constitution. One would be apt to think, that naturally the Constitution of both the Parents, or of one of them, should descend to the Offspring; formed by their Co-operation, should not the Nature of the Causes be transfused into us, without any Alteration; either of the Father, if he was the most powerful Agent in our Procreation; or of the Mother, if it is to her we chiefly owe our Being: Accordingly, the Truth is, that there is always a great deal of these two Causes in us, as is evident from Distempers, Oddities in Deportment, and sometimes from the Intellects. That this Transfusion is not full and universal, arises from a Rule in Nature, that an Effect, which is the Operation of two concurrent Causes, may be such as to constitute a Temperament, which shall have little Agreement with that of its Causes.

Another Circumstance to be observed, is, that the particular Temper of Father and Mother, at the time of the Procreation

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ation of us, is sometimes very different from that which is the natural Result of their bodily Habit. Drunkenness, Passion, Sickness, an athlectic Health, Lassitude, Anxiety, and many more such Situations, disturb the usual Oeconomy of the Humours; so that they necessarily act in a different manner, which must produce different Effects. No body is always one and the same.

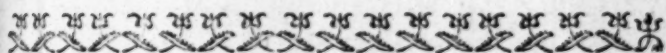
How many Books have we, and some speciously written, on the sure Way of having comely, vegete and healthy Children? If these Secrets were no other than the Men of Erudition have conjectured, Receipts might be formed for begetting Children of any Shape, Size, and Complexion.

Who will pretend to say, that, in an Ear of ripened Corn, there remains nothing of that Grain, from which it derives its Root and Growth? No, the Ear is vegetated by the Sap of that Grain, which pervading every Part, forms the whole Consistence thereof.

The original Matter of our Bodies is liable to the same Miscarriages as a Grain of Corn: It may happen to be unluckily sown, and it may be lodged in

a noxious Soil, or among Weeds; under these Disadvantages it yields nothing, or its Produce is defectuous.

Chance, is sometimes chargeable with the good or bad Qualities of a Production; only, let it be cursorily noticed, that Chance is a Name easily given to any Cause of which we are ignorant. There can nothing happen in this or any other Case, without its Causes and inviolable Principles. Adieu; whatever occurs to me on this Head, shall not be concealed from you; the Foundations of such an important Structure cannot be too carefully secured.



LETTER XVII.

YOU are not quite satisfied, it seems, that the Habit of the Body is to be known by its external Appearance. Do not, say you, Distempers, the Succession of Ages, and Passions, produce real Alterations, and such as efface the usual Tokens, which indicate any particular Temperament? I am obliged to you for this Argument; it reminds me of several

veral things which had escaped me, and for which this is the properest Place: besides, this Difficulty must be a real one, by your mentioning it; at least, I'll treat it as such, by answering it seriously.

A just Criticism is more welcome to a true Philosopher than the highest seasoned Praise; the former promotes Truth, the latter prejudices it.

Any Smatterer in Physiognomy will at first Sight discern a natural from a constrained Mien; or rather any one whom it imports to know the inward Motions of another, seldom fails of judging aright; and it has been my Observation, that this Perspicacity was always more or less quick and certain, according to the Concern which excited the Attention.

That Sickness, Years, and Passions, bring an Alteration upon the Face, is visible, but then it is under Constraint; for, according to our Supposition, these Accidents extinguish the natural Aspect; whence a Person in any of those States must be concluded to have then no natural Countenance; therefore, the Point is, to distinguish what is properly a constrained Aspect; for the sorts are many,
or

or rather they are as various as the Causes whence they arise: It is also proper to examine whether some Vestiges of the natural Habit are not to be remarked in this constrained Aspect; which, to me, is beyond all Doubt and Controversy.

A Person is convulsed with Passions, seiz'd with Sicknes, or many Years have gone over his Head; now, that the Alterations caused by these Incidents, should not in some measure become interwoven with the Habit of the Person, in whom they are inherent, is impossible; yet is it more so, that any Alteration should be so absolute, as totally to expunge all Appearance of its antecedent Qualities, and even of any one which was peculiarly predominant: This implies no less than a total Abolition, and this cannot be effected without the Destruction of the whole Machine.

What are the Effects of Sicknes? the Alteration it produces is so denotative, that a Person is known to be sick by those who never saw him in Health; the same is no less applicable to the Impresses of Passion, and the Increase of Years; Youth is at first Sight distinguished

guished from Age, and Mildness is as readily known from Wrath, and Bignity from Malevolence. All these operate unequally in the Subjects affected by them; they have their several Indications, and, these are not constantly alike.

How many are really sick with a Countenance full of Health, whilst any slight Indisposition quite changes the Looks of others?

The Age is not always to be known by the Face; and well is it for many that it is not.

Some Persons, amidst the strongest Agitations of Passions, are such composed Counterfeits, have their Looks under such Management, that there is no trusting to Appearances. Who can, for instance, trace a Coquet through the Mazes of her Doublings, and penetrate into her real Sentiments, at a Juncture, when she puts forth all her Play?

The Premises tend only to the clearer Illustration, that the Causes objected, act unequally on their Subjects; to which may be added their different Degrees, which must certainly very much alter their external Indications.

I should be quite frustrated, should you admit a Belief, that many Things may pass in the Soul, or even in the Body, imperceptible to a watchful Physiognomist. That is not what I mean, the external Denotatives here spoken of, are those obvious to the Ken of the Generality, who cannot see farther into Causes and Effects.

To return: The change which is wrought in the Body by all these Causes, whichsoever they be, I compare to that derived from Corpulency or Leanness, when either of them shew themselves in a Body where they were not used to be seen. This does not anywise hinder the Constitution from breaking forth, and displaying its Nature; 'tis a Varnish, which communicates to the Colours laid on it a Hue, whereby the true Ground is discoverable. What confirms this Opinion of mine, is, that different Persons, of the same Age, under the same Distemper, or the same inordinate Passions, are far from being perfectly alike, though there be a sensible Affinity of Symptoms betwixt these several Impressions. To what, then, can be owing the Differences so frequently seen in their Effects, but to

the Constitution or Habit, which overrules the Colour and Figure, the Matter and the Construction of every Spring in the Machine, and which gives the Turn to all these extraneous or accidental Causes ?

Constitution it is, which abates or stimulates the Effects of Sickneſs, which haſtens or retards the Injuries of Age, and renders Perſons differently affected with the ſame Paſſion. Of all the Paſſions, Love is that, on which it acts with the greateſt Diversity, leading it Captive, directing, moderating, or impelling its Motions: The Cauſe of this is no Secret to you, and I never knew any one equal you in Commiſeration of all the Faults imputed to Love, when it does not run into Viciouſneſs. Let the following ſimple Reflection be a farther Confirmation of all that has been advanced. Whenſoever any of the objected Cauſes happen to produce any Alteration beyond what is uſual; that is, when any Veſtiges of the former Conſtitution become quite obliterated and ſuperſeded by new Phenomena; the Life of the Patient thus changed, is apprehended to be near its Cloſe; the Gradations of ſuch

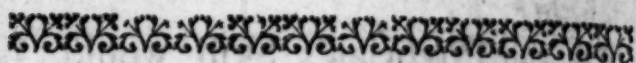
such Changes are the Gradations of Life, Death being the Effect of a total Change. Does not then Nature warrant my Saying, That the original Constitution is indelible?

All the Physician's Skill would be pos'd, if, when called to the Relief of those whom he never saw in a State of Health, he was not able, amidst all the Disfigurements which Sickness has brought upon their Visage, to discover some sure Denotatives of their predominant Constitution, to guide him in treating their Distempers, that by Medicaments adapted to their Temperament, it may retrieve that Superiority which was endangered by Sickness.

I am very far from meaning, that a Cure is obtainable in no Case without humouring the Constitution; for many Diseases are no more than the Fruits of a vitiated Constitution.

But not to intrude into the respectable Province of the Physicians, I shall conclude with observing, that so buoyant is the Constitution in every Vicissitude, Impression, or Situation, that we may feel it is not susceptible of a total Extinction, and that however the Accidents

you mention may change, disorder, and vitiate it, it is not to be eradicated. If you do not relish my Reasonings accept of my good Will. Adieu, &c.



L E T T E R XVIII.

YOU little expected another Letter on Constitutions ; but I cannot be easy otherwise ; there is no such Thing with me, till I am clear of all Charge of Neglect ; and allow me withal to say, in Honour to yourself, that the Necessity you laid me under of writing the last Letter, has also occasioned the present.

I must unfold to you some Documents relating to the Mixture of the Juices. My having mentioned no more than the four on which I bestowed a few Words, may be thought to mean, that there being only four Juices, the Kinds of Constitution were also limited to that Number ; but this leads to an Error, and is a Wrong to myself, having declared that these four Juices were capable of infinite Combinations, and that these were the Sources whence a numberless Variety of Con-

Constitutions were derived. To comprehend this, only imagine in what a Multitude of differing Ways and Proportions the Mixture of any four Liquors may be varied, the infinite Changes it will admit of, till there can be no further Variation. To discover the Temperature when one of the four Juices is predominant to such a Degree, that the three others are scarce able to shew any Share they have in the Composition, is no great Exploit; but the Trial of Skill is, when the Actions of the Juices are, I do not say equal, for then the Temperature is as manifest as when it is the Result of the predominant Superiority of any one singly, but when they are partly opposite, and partly united; when two Juices share the Pre-eminence over the two other; and among these two there is, likewise a Disparity, either stronger or weaker. In such and the like Occasions (for to enumerate and give a clear Idea of them all, is an endless Piece of Work) all the Indications must be collected and compared; a cursory Cast of the Eye on the Colour and Form of the Body won't do; the Face, and every Part of it, must be scrutiniz'd with the nicest At-

tention, and this must be assisted with just Reasonings on their Analogy or Opposition: One with a radiant Eye has a flat Nose; again, an aquiline Nose is sometimes debased by a low Forehead, and dull Eyes; another has a pale Complexion, yet a vivid Look, and many with not one promising Feature examined singly, are, in the Whole, of a noble Presence.

Without an attentive Penetration, there is also no perceiving the Differences wrought in the Constitutions by the Qualities or Fluids chiefly influential in their Composition. To be sanguine or phlegmatic, choleric or melancholly, is not all; each of these having their subordinate Divisions; there are a Multitude of Constitutions which may be classed among the sanguine, yet all dissimilar; and the same holds good of the others; the Blendings of the same Colour are few in Comparison of the different Gradations and Qualities of the same Temperature.

I expect many a Wipe, as if I were above having Recourse to the received Denotatives among Physicians, in unravelling all these Variations of Constitutions, and that I looked with Scorn upon

on Instruction, when it lay in my Way. I consult Physic whensoever there is Occasion ; but that and every other Science I introduce no farther than according to their Relation to my Scope. This is no more a Treatise of Physic than of Natural Philosophy ; it is, and ought to be, purely a Treatise of Physiognomy ; the Indications then of Physiognomy are to ingross my Attention ; any other may shew that there are others, but what would any avail me, if not grounded on Physiognomy ?

The Health of the Body is not my Subject ; and however useful and respectable the Science be, which is conversant in the Preservation and Recovery thereof, Characters or Tempers are all I pretend to ; nor shall I ever quarrel with any one about the Dignity of my Science ; that is the most honourable Profession to any one, which he best understands ; mine, at least, gives me an infinite Pleasure ; such is my Fancy, and I mean no more.

I would have you by all means be persuaded, that as the Variety of Constitutions is infinite, so the Means of knowing them are not less numerous.

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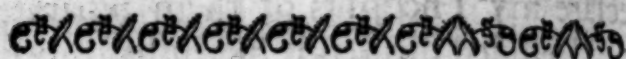
Nature explicates itself in a thousand different Shapes. The Study thereof may well be long; can it be otherwise, amidst the boundless Wonders it discloses? If sometimes it does not answer the End, 'tis because our Pursuit is immethodical; or that which does not forward the End we have in View, may be of great Utility in some other; which was not in our Thoughts, and yet we have held on our Way in this Track. How many Virtuoso's have lighted upon what they were not in Search of, while they were plodding after what they never would have found? No Time is to be grudged which is spent in the Investigation of Nature; it repays our Attachment with some Acquisition or other.

Now let us proceed; for it is high Time to shew how this Knowledge is a Preamble to that of the Bent or Character of the Mind; and herein you may expect, that I shall preserve to the very last that Flexibility and Acquiescence, of which I give no such Proofs to any one but yourself.

Just as I was upon closing my Letter, in came two Persons remarkable for opposite Temperatures. They brought

a Letter from *Abbé de* ———, and their Errand, it seems, was, that I should declare my Thoughts of them separately. I eluded this, as it might have been disgustful, but made amends, by exhorting them to be inseparable ; for that the very Opposition of each distinct Constitution caused a just Attraction and Harmony betwixt both ; adding, that they would find no Difficulty in complying with my Advice ; and I finished with a Congratulation of their Happiness in the Reciprocations of a warm Affection. They ran into each other Arms with an extreme Joy and Amazement, that from the bare Exterior, I had so exactly hit their Sentiments. Their last Request was too home ; they were for knowing which Constitution was most to my Liking ; my Answer had more Delicacy in it ; I desired they would admit me as a third Friend, which *Damon* and *Pitbias* had granted to *Dionysius* the Tyrant ; that my certain Knowledge of their Worth, and consequently my Esteem of their Persons, intitled me to such a Favour. They gave me their Words, and Promises with them are Realities.

Whatever Friendships I contract, you shall ever be uppermost.



LETTER XIX.

AFTER a Progress of near half my Journey, it is fit I should make known the Ideas I annex to the Word *Bent*, or *Character*; but as I concur with the general Meaning of them, I shall be very succinct in telling the World what they knew before.

Character expresses, in the common Acceptation, the usual Mode in which the Mind manifests itself; it is a kind of Mark impressed on all its Operations, indicating its peculiar Nature, and distinguishing it from others.

I readily allow *Character* and *Nature* to be Words of the same Import; but as to the usual Division of the Soul into a superior and inferior Part, here I plead off: I affirm it to be a Division productive of Spinosities and Confusion; no other Division will I own than that of Soul and Body. Incomprehensible as their Union is, it throws Light upon several

veral Effects which are common to these Principles, and flow from their Union : They are thought to be of such Utility and Aid to each other, that neither could the Body live without the Soul, nor the Soul act externally without the Body. Besides, a State of Union is the only one in which I consider them, as alone relative to my Purpose ; and all the Objections raised against my System from examining the Soul abstractedly from this Union, will fall to the Ground. It would be dropping my fundamental Supposition, by which I must abide.

It is an Asperſion caſt upon ſome People, to have no *Character* or Bent ; but no more ought to be meant by this, than the Difficulty of defining it, the Character being ſuch an Appenage of Man, that there is no forming any Idea of a Man, but that of a Character blends itſelf with it, and of a Character which diſtinguiſhes him in the Thoughts no leſs than his Figure does in the Eyes of his Associates. In the *Character* then conſiſts the Difference of Minds, in the Figure that of Bodies.

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The Want of a Character, or Bent, is far from being accounted synonymous with the Want of a *Nature*, which is owing to an immemorial Distinction of Mind and Heart, whereby the *Character*, and all its Effects, are assigned to the Mind ; and to the Heart is appropriated the *Nature*, with all its Appurtenances. This Distinction, which sets the Mind and Heart, though really but one and the same Principle, at as great a Variance as if they were two, I don't say different, but remote, opposite and ever-clashing Principles : So true it is, that one and all blame their Mind and extol their Heart, at the same time that they have high Conceits of the former, and must be (many of them) conscious of the Depravation of the latter.

A Character and a Nature are the Portion of every one ; happy they who have them good. The Sage, I believe, alluded to them, when he said, That he was furnished with a good Soul. The Impossibility of the Inequality in human Souls having been before demonstrated, the Sage's Meaning must be limited to his Character and Nature, both Effects of his Constitution ; and his boasted

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Happiness was such a Mixture of the Juices, and such an Organization which had imparted to the Soul that refined *Character*, that happy *Nature*, on which he justly placed so high a Value.

Were the Estimate of Things determined by their Worth, all the Goods of Fortune would not bear a Competition with these refined *Characters*. Their inestimable Value is best known to those who possess and exert them. The Advantages connected with them are truly our own. Their Preciousness does not spring from the Regard paid to them from Fashion or from Conceit; they are the very Essence of Happiness, and all Artifices and Expedients, all Palliatives and Counterfeits, will never supply their Places. A good, and often an ill Property of the *Character* is, that it is never to be totally removed; and this induces the Politicians to have a sharp Eye on the Character of any one, before they make him a Creature: They see as far into Nature as *Horace*, who, with his usual Sagacity, says,

Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.

and

and having thus penetrated into the *Character* of their Instrument, the Success is indubitable. This Discernment is a nice Point, but well worth the Study of those who are in high Places; it will save them many Miscarriages; it will detect insidious Addresses; it will point out Aptitude and Probity; in short, the Infamy or the Glory of their Administration turns wholly upon it.

From hence are inducible two Agreements, which further strengthen my Notion; first, that the Character operates on the Mind as the Temperature on the Body, to render every Individual distinguishable; 2^{dly}. That as the Temperature is inextirpable, so is the Character.

As for Abatements and Variations, I'll grant as many as shall be required; having allowed them in the Constitution, I shall not exclude them from the Character; their Connection is too intimate to be dissevered; and it will soon be shewn, that there is an Union also of Interests. The Impresses of Age, Sickness, and Passions, on the Temperature, are by the Temperature communicated to the Mind; suffering together they also sub-

subſiſt together; the ſame Day began them, and the ſame Day ſhall end them: Their Intimacy may be truly ſaid to laſt till Death; and with no leſs Truth I aver the ſame of my Devotion to you.



L E T T E R XX.

THE Souls of all Mankind univerſally having been proved to be equal and alike, as incontrovertibly as the Abſtruſeneſs of the Matter permits; and yet the *Character* being by Experience known to differ in ſo many Shapes, whence is this Difference of Temper obtruded upon the Soul, but from the Conſtitution?

Complacencies, Averſions, Propenſities, Inclinations, are excited by external Objects; but whether the Objects be material or ſpiritual, the Body is their Vehicle, or Inſtrument, to convey them to the Soul, which otherwiſe would be inacceſſible to them. The Air which we breathe depends on the Nature of the Places along which it paſſes, and inſinuates into our Bodies the Qualities it has
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collected in its Course ; so the Objects cannot strike the Soul but through the Body, where they find a Suitableness or Dissonance under which they appear to the Soul, and which gains such an Ascendency over that mislead Intelligence, as to habituate it to love only what pleases, and hate only what displeases the Body.

It is hindered from acting otherwise by the Shackles and Incumbrance of the Body. This intimate Closeness of its Union clogs its free Agency ; to this are likewise necessary the Soul's long, too long Sluggishness, without one strenuous Effort against such an Inthralment ; so that Servitude is become habitual before it had any Sense of its Superiority. There are manifold Cases, in which to follow the Instinct of the Body, is choosing the better Part ; and this forestals its Compliance where it is the very worst ; and, lastly, this Blindness and Submission are not without real Gratifications, by which it becomes intoxicated.

Through how considerable a Part of Life do we estimate Things, if I may be allow'd the Expression, more by the Body than by the Soul ; and all this while

while the Custom of liking or disliking Objects from the Representations of the Body is striking its Roots deeper; and when it is thus settled, can an Avulsion be thought an easy Matter? Withal let it be considered, that the Soul enjoys more Freedom, or is under more Coercion, according to the Bodies in which it resides, by the Texture of those Bodies, and the Mixture of their Humours.

This is exemplified in those Men, who would appear to be beneath Brutes in Rationality, if their several Operations were to decide the Matter, and in others of a contrary kind, whose Capacities tower so far above their Fellow-Mortals, that they seem of a superior Order. Life is full of Custom; Nature itself is only Custom, since the most necessary Functions in us are only Customs of a long standing, and from their consequent Facility accounted natural.

Nothing is more natural than eating, drinking, walking, opening the Eyes, or closing them; yet these are not done immediately after the Birth; the Limbs and Organs must be formed to those Motions and Uses, which are their usual Employment, and which we call *Nature*.

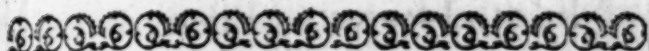
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These Principles standing on a firm Foundation, who can miss seeing that it is the Constitution from which the Mind receives its Character? We have shewn over and over, that the Temperature governs the Body; that on it this Body, and all the constituent Parts thereof, depended; that from it they derived their peculiar Nature, the Conclusion must further be, that the several Points of View, as it were, in which the Body exhibits Objects to the Soul, must arise from the Temperature; that it is the Temperature which gives the Agreement or Disagreement of the Objects; that this Agreement or Disagreement does as necessarily proceed from it as its own Essence is necessary, which could not be other than what it is; and that consequently the Character obtruded on the Soul by its Dependence on the Body, is, in a more correct Sense, derived from the Constitution.

Now judge whether it was without Principles that I affirmed the Knowledge of the Character of the Soul to follow from the Knowledge of the Constitution of the Body. Their Connection and Dependence smoothes the Path to

Cer-

Certainty, now all the Briars are asparted, and Flowers on all Sides invite the Hand. Send me your Animadversions on this Letter; there may be Room for them. I wait your Answer before I conclude, and apply my Principles.



L E T T E R XXI.

YOU say, that my last Letter made you stare, that you are inclinable to believe as true all its Contents, and that they really appear so to you; yet some Apprehensions hang upon you, that I may be chargeable with having attributed too much to Matter. My Answer is, that I am not in Fault; that the human Constitution depending greatly on it, I could not do otherwise.

Another disagreeable Consequence you draw from my Principles, is, that at this rate there is nothing to be lost, and as little to be gained, because the Constitution remaining ineradicable, and the Character of the Soul being the Impress of this Constitution, the Soul must sit down under its obtruded State. All
Efforts

Efforts after Amelioration being precluded, its Virtues and Vices are necessarily permanent. This is a weighty Question, which yet I little thought would have been put to me; the Answer to it shall ingross this Letter.

First, for ever inviolable be the Rights of Faith, I revere its Illuminations, and pursuant to them, hold certainly, that there are Miracles of Grace, Miracles whereby Hearts are changed, their Liberty remaining untouched. Here halt; for those who would go further, have either lost themselves, or have talked a great deal, without saying any thing. Once for all, whenever I mention the Soul, its Vices and Virtues, I would be understood to speak of it only in a mere rational Way, exclusively of Faith, whose divine Original, however, I often celebrate with the sincerest Ingeminations.

Conformably then to Reason, I set out with acknowledging, that the Consequence which you object holds generally good; that the Virtues of which we are naturally destitute, are very seldom acquired in any tolerable Degree, and to get rid of any Vices which took

Pos-

Possession of us at our Birth, is not less extraordinary.

Yet must I offer to your Consideration, that some Virtues are envelopped and concealed till a certain Age, when they conspicuously break forth, as are no further to be esteemed as acquired, than because the Season of their Exertion is come, or that by the Culture of Education, they begin to shoot, which would never have come to pass without one, or possibly the Co-operations of both these Causes.

Equally applicable to the Vices is this fortuitous Display of the Virtues; however, with this Difference, that what has the Appearance of Vice in its first Pullulations, is not always such afterwards. The exceeding Ignorance, added to the Inexperience of our early Years, may precipitate it into unknown, and consequently unapprehended, Abysses, out of which dawning Reason rescues us, and secures our future Steps in the Paths of Virtue and Discretion.

All the Sallies and Faults of this Age are not to be imputed to the Constitution. They are committed with Reluctance, in Deference to others, whose Example,

ample there might be Danger to counter-act, though we condemn it. They are committed in a Ferment or Intoxication, when the Soul and Body being disorder-ed, produce Effects of a dissimilar Nature. To distinguish these Impulses of Design and Humour from the Emanations of Nature, is not a Task for every one. It abates my Concern, when at the same time that a Person acts amiss, I withal perceive, that he is not pushed on to it by his *Character*; but when I perceive the Turpitude, Violence and Profaneness of a Life to flow from the *Character*, I give such a one over for lost. Full of Reliance on natural Virtues, I shudder at natural Vices; mistrustful of acquired Virtues, acquired Vices give me little Concern.

Whatever be our Virtues and Vices, I know there is a Freedom in us of manifesting or concealing them; at the same time I know, that for the Soul to be ever conflicting with its *Bent*, is an insupportable Restraint; and, depend upon it, on whatever Occasion this *Bent* strongly declares itself, the Vice or Virtue accompanying its Eruption is entirely natural.

An

An angry Procedure may be checked, as one may forbear a Deed of Generosity, Actions being within our Arbitrariness, but far otherwise Dispositions. To extinguish Generosity or Wrath is out of our Power, if those Qualities make a Part of our Character; as impossible is it not to be amorous, if we are naturally so, as to have two Eyes if born with only one. It is so with all Tempers, good or bad. The natural Vices, I will admit, may be moderated, as the natural Virtues may be improved; but totally to exterminate them mocks our utmost Vigilance and Resolution. This must have been the Meaning of that extraordinary Person, against whom the Disciples of *Socrates* flew into such a Flame, for saying, that their Master was of a depraved Bent, and inclined to many Vices. He did not affirm that *Socrates* gave any way to these Propensities, but only that they were in him; which did not derogate from the Reputation in which he stood for Wisdom, and which more properly belongs to our sensible Actions, which are under our Controul, than to the latent Tempers, which are in some measure necessary.

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The ancient Axiom, in saying, *that they overflow with Joy who are born with happy Qualities*, is perfectly consonant to this System; it means, that they are never wanting in a good Behaviour, the Source of the best Joy, because it is easy to them; whereas others, from a Cast naturally wrong, sink into Imprudence and Vice.

Before I take my final Leave of this Article, I must lay before you a Notion of mine on Education, the only natural Resource for the Correction of Vice, and Improvement of Virtue; with your Leave I'll defer it till next Post, having already said enough for this.



LETTER XXII.

IN my last I said, that Education is the most natural Expedient for the Improvement of Virtues, and the Correction of Vices; my *ipse dixit*, however, is not so authoritative as to stand in no need of Arguments to urge the Matter home; and this is the more necessary, as those best of Ends seem to be
but

but slightly considered in Education, and where they seem of any Weight, are injudiciously pursued.

Town and Country swarm with Schools to teach us Learning; and here and there one may be met with to teach us Christianity, and train us up to be devout; but not one do I know where we are taught to be Men, and instructed in the Acquisition of the natural Virtues. Is this Omission owing to the Inutility or Difficulty of such Exercises? To neither: It is imagined that Men form themselves, or that make them learned and devout, and the Business is done; they are all they need to be; now, that this is an egregious Mistake is evident from the Paucity of real Men.

I shall never forget a Saying I heard from a most excellent Person, whose natural and Christian Virtues, together with a perfect Knowledge of the World, render him the best of Judges in this Case, it was, *There are more Saints than honest People in the World.* It is obvious, that here the Word *Saints* is not to be taken in a strict Sense, as is that of honest People. Were the forming of Men taken in hand with the methodical At-

tention the Concern deserves, this Saying, in time, might come to lose Part of its Truth.

I say, as the Concern deserves ; for it is really such, that the Experiment ought to be tried. It is as yet in Embrio ; if it does not answer, it may be dropped ; the Effects of it will soon be visible. My Purpose requires some previous Suppositions, the Justness of which I leave to every one to demonstrate to himself.

1. We are born without Ideas ; the new implanted Soul is not unlike a Canvas fitted to receive any Imagery which the Painter pleases.

2. The Senses are the Vehicles which convey the first Ideas to the Soul.

3. These first Ideas partly communicated by the Senses, and partly those which we imbibe from the first Persons, who have the Care of our unprepossessed Childhood (in which the Senses have no small Share) are the Subjects of the Act of Reflection in the Soul ; this produces secondary Ideas, which are naturally the direct Consequence of the prior.

4. The continual Employment of the Soul, during the whole Course of Life, con-

consists in the Acquisitions of new Ideas, Reflections on the former, and Consequences from both for Theory and Practice.

From these Suppositions, which appear to me founded in Truth, I have been long since led to think, that we depend on Matter more than we are aware of; and that we prejudice ourselves by overstraining our Spirituality, and rejecting any material and mechanical Aids, looking upon them, as indeed they are, beneath the Dignity of our immaterial Soul, *divinae particulum auræ*. Nature in vain would rectify our Conceits; we spurn at its Instructions as disgraceful; but were Disgrace in its Intentions, the compulsive Manner of its Action on both the Soul and Body, is a Disgrace of a deeper Dye. The Dependence on the Body, in which the Soul is fettered while Life exists, but especially in Childhood and old Age, the worst Seasons of this Dependence, is a Lesson in which we cannot over-study ourselves: This calls aloud to us Mortals, Make Use of that Matter which is united to you, for your Improvement in spiritual Exercises.

Therefore, in order to form a Man, I would propose (and this Care should commence whilst he is in the Cradle) that his Constitution should be observed; that it should, according to the Quality thereof, be strengthened or weakened; that for some Time his Soul should, as it were, be let alone, and the material Part only attended to; that his Organs should be taught Vigour, Suppleness, and Activity; that the Blood should be spissated or rarified; in fine, that for the Amelioration of the Soul, the Body in general be treated with the most attentive Care, and most judicious Management.

Let not the Singularity of my Advice bring any Ridicule upon it; if the material Constitution of the Body be neglected, I dare say the Education, with all other Helps, will be defective. That alone shews to what he is adapted, consequently what he should be taught, and in what Degree and Method. Can there be more Folly and Cruelty than to scold, plague, and punish a Boy in beating a Science into him, against which Nature has shut the Door? How comes it, that a Person, who has seen his thirtieth Year, is not sensible of any distinguishing Talent

lent in himself? 'Tis not that he is naturally destitute of any; but they, under whose Inspection he first was, either knew nothing of the Matter, or neglected it.

After this Modification of the Body, it is to be farther subservient in the Station appointed for the Soul; since whatever is to be offered to it, must be transmitted through the Senses inherent in the Body. Secure the Channels which are to convey its Food, that it may be all pure, sound, and invigorating; there is no other Avenue to the Soul; here keep your Eye. If any Ordure be suffered in these Inlets, the Food which passes along them will become vitiated, to the infinite Detriment and Infamy of the Soul. Let Truth, Decency, and Virtue, flow in upon the Soul through every Sense, and the felicitating Effects will soon shew themselves.

To hear and see every thing is not an indifferent Matter, at a certain Age. The Appetite must be held with a tight Rein, where the Constitution is not Athletic. There is a time, when the Sight and Knowledge of Evil will add Strength to whatever Good is in us. In our

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Manhood, we cannot break ourselves of our natural Accent: The Soul has also its Accent, which when strengthened by Time and Education, becomes unalterable.

If to be able to accommodate one's Temper to every thing, be sometimes an Advantage, 'tis also often a Proof of its having no fixed Peculiarity, nothing that may be called its Property. Such a Flexility puts me upon my Guard against Variations. None will warrant a Building, till they have examined into the Strength and Settledness of the Foundations. Shut up any one who as yet has seen nothing, and let his Eyes be entertained with none but beautiful Objects, and his Ears with melodious Sounds: When this Recluse comes to look into the World, he will form a delicate Distinction in all the Variety which he sees and hears.

This illustrates the Case of the Mind: If all its Ideas are transmitted to it thro' the Senses, and Care is taken, that nothing but what is good shall have Access to them; a Habit of Goodness will grow up in it, as Beauty and Harmony were

were become habitual to the Ears and Eyes.

The Oppositions which the Constitution may throw in the Way of these virtuous Habits, are not a formidable Host; that there will be some, and that it has good and bad Qualities, which are immoveable, is not to be doubted; but they are far from being innumerable.

Constitutions, by some, are compared to Soils not equally fertile, nor yielding the same Products; some are famed for delicious Fruits, in others grow poisonous Vegetables. In like manner, as necessarily does the Virtue or Vice, the Segacity or Dullness of a Man, arise out of the Constitution.

This is an apt Comparison, and there seems indeed an absolute Resemblance betwixt Soils and Constitutions, when the latter are suffered to lie fallow, and left to their own natural Quality; but it will not hold in such, where any Culture is bestowed; and from this Reason, that Soils require little or no Addition, and that the Plough and Seed only produce a superficial Alteration in them; whereas the Constitutions, howsoever material they may be supposed, are imperfect

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at the Birth, have more to acquire than they possess; and that their Need of Augmentation renders them necessarily susceptible of designed or casual Additions, till their compleat Formation, when any further Change becomes impracticable, *immota manet.*

'Tis on this last Reason that I ground the Necessity and Excellence of Education; the Result of which, when happily conducted, is a Difference betwixt Man and Man, even perhaps greater than that which Nature itself, on whom they all depend, has impressed on them.

What a Field for Discourse is opened by this Subject, immense in itself, and still more enlarged by the Errors and Prejudices of Mankind! Your comprehensive Genius will suggest a great deal more than I could say, did not my Limits restrain me from any further Expatriation. Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXIII.

SO then! Here is the Constitution, knowable from the Colour and Configuration of Matter; and 'tis what I flattered myself with proving; for why, indeed, should the human Body be the only Essence, whose Contexture should not exhibit external Denotatives of the predominant Quality thereof? Here also is each one's particular Temper known from that very Constitution whence it deduces its Origin.

Yet, must it be observed, that the Configuration or Conformation of Matter is sometimes opposite to the Constitution, though this Conformation be mostly the Effect of the Constitution; but this Opposition is only casual, and owing to the Intervention of some heterogeneous Cause, which hinders the Constitution from operating its genuine Effects, which are also necessary Effects.

'Tis this Opposition at which we wonder, when taking some Persons to Pieces, we find Qualities in them, which are naturally incompatible in the same Subject. There is no perceiving this

Opposition, without being a Graduate in the Knowledge of Mankind: Few are capable of discovering the Cause, it being, as has been said, heterogeneous.

The Brutality of Nurses, the Diseases of an ill-tended Infancy, the Accidents which surround that tender Age, are the most general Sources of this perplexing Opposition. It is sometimes begun even in the Mother's Womb, where the natural Process of the Matter, and of the Infant's Constitution, have met with Obstacles to the Perfection of the Work, Obstacles from which they can never get entirely clear, while the Body exists.

This Opposition may be explained pretty nearly, in the same Manner as the Deformity of a Child born lame, crooked, &c.

One derives his Untowardness from a Reason, which, though the most improbable of all, is yet the truest; another is born with Dispositions to a Virtue, which he never will actually possess: His Constitution, had it taken Place, led him to it; but his Growth was warped by Obstacles, which have caused a total Alienation.

It

It must be owned, that if there are a Multitude of Things really incomprehensible, many also are such only by our own Fault, and which with some Pains we might discover. That the Passions of the Soul betray themselves in the Face, is beyond Contradiction; and yet that the predominant Quality of any one is discernible there, is made a Matter of Scruple to allow.

The second Discovery, is, however, more easy, certain, and natural, than the former. The Passions are frequently mistaken, without a previous Acquaintance with the Character and its Qualities. One blushes unmeaningly, where the Blush of another is expressive. The Eyes of one brighten only at what kindles those of another into a Flame.

The Passions are not to be rationally decided without Principles; and when a lucky Guess is made of them, without the Assistance of the Character, as the Principle of all their Motions, it is no more than Almanack-Makers, who, by the Practice of foretelling, come to foretell the Truth.

The general Rules are good, and the Applications often false, which Falsity might

might be remedied by an Allowance of some Exceptions; and Exceptions there cannot but be, as arising from the Difference of Tempers or Characters among the endless Multitude, of which, two are not to be found absolutely alike.

It has been said above, that the same Passions were not ever indicated by the same Symptoms; it must be so, for the Constitutions varying, and the Characters which depend on them varying also, whence could this uniform Resemblance of the Symptoms of the Passions proceed? They are only Exertions of the Character, which is the Effect of the Temperament; and their Symptoms must be different, the Sources of them being so.

To the Agitations stirred up by Passions, that there are general Movements resembling each other in the same kind of Passions, I shall not deny; but there are also particular ones, utterly dissimilar.

To guess that a Man is inflamed with Wrath, or preyed upon by Jealousy, is a slight Business, but *hoc opus*, to hit the particular kind of his Anger, or of his Jealousy, and to foresee that upon such or such Incidents, these Passions will rise

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in him, together with the Degrees and Effects of their Ebullitions; Circumstances essential to the Knowledge of Mankind, but unattainable without a Knowledge of the Disposition.

The more involved any Subject is, the more evident the Principles for the Elucidation thereof must be, and if any one deserve that Appellation, that which I lay down is it. Turn aside from it, and all is Obscurity and Uncertainty: If a Pilot of a superficial Experience venture to steer in Seas he is unacquainted with, they whom he has in Charge must thank Providence, which over-rules his Ignorance, for their Safety.

Experience affording only general Instructions, the amazing Diversity of Characters or Tempers obliges us at every Instant to have Recourse to more particular ones. *Know the Character*, then, must be the leading Maxim. Treasure up this Principle, for on it, besides its other inexpressible Advantages, will turn all I have further to say.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXIV.

YOU dislike my not having hitherto made any Difference betwixt Passions and Inclinations, they not being convertible Terms; for, say you, though the Knowledge of the Character may be a Prelude to that of the fixed Passions; the transient Inclinations have no Concern with it. I value your Satisfaction too much, not to explain myself at large.

If you, by Inclination, mean what is called Propensity, I conclude it subordinately in the Character or Temper, agreeably to the very Signification of the Word; for to have a Propensity to any thing, what is it, but to have a Disposition to love or hate it? And what can this Disposition be, but an Effect of the Character, or an Agreement or Disagreement betwixt the Character and the Object? The necessary Result of which is Love, or Disgust, Inclination, or Aversion. Thus, it appears, that no Charge lies against me for confounding the Passions and Inclinations, as proceeding from one common Principle, the Character or Disposition.

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The only Difference which I can find, or which I am confident is to be found among them, is, as you at first say, that the Inclinations, as they stand in your Idea of them, are fleeting, and thus disappearing before they can be thoroughly examined, no sure Judgment can be passed upon them; whereas the Passions are permanent, exposed to a leisurely Scrutiny, and so may be characterised.

To this Objection of your's, I'll add the following Circumstance, which you have overlooked. The Inclinations, taken in this Sense, produce no great Agitation in the Mind: By this want of Agitation in the Soul, the Symptoms, which are the Cyphers of what passes within, are too weak to manifest themselves in the Face, and thus we are at a loss to conclude any thing about the Inclinations; far otherwise is it with the Passions, which necessarily fuscitating a violent Agitation in the Soul, declare themselves glaringly in the Aspect.

This Coalescence of Objections against me, in effect, only serve to strengthen the Principle I have recommended, that a Knowledge of the Character, as the Principle

Principle of all the rest, cannot be pursued with too much Application.

Will it bear a Denial, that from a thorough Knowledge of the Character, we may estimate the Particulars of which it is capable? We may form pretty near Conjectures what Objects it were fit it should love or hate; and though we should not always positively know the Times when it hates or loves any particular Object, we know in general whether it can, or ought to love or hate it; which may compensate for any thing the Face does not tell us, or which it would tell us, if the Agitations of the Soul were such as to represent the Inclination on it.

Some Inclinations, besides, have such an intimate Connection with the Passions, that the Knowledge of the one is consequential to the Knowledge of the other; they are Branches of the same Trees, Arms of the same River. There are some Characters so natural and impressible, that their slightest Motions, their feeblest Sensations, shew themselves; and these are generally the best sort.

As to Freaks and capricious Inclinations, which are found in those where there was not so much as any Shadow of

Suspicion

Suspicion, that they had any Share in their Composition, it cannot be hoped always to trace their Source in the Character, nothing being often more repugnant to it. Caprice and Affectation are universal Mimics, and stick at no Effort or Experiment: Indeed, when there is a strong Opposition in the Character; all such Inclinations disappear like a Morning Cloud, and are properly to be called Flights or Verrigoes.

The Season of these Oddities is Youth; ignorant, fond of Novelty, precipitate, and fickle; however, the only Effervescencies to be really dreaded in that impetuous Age, are such as have an Affinity with the Character, otherwise they soon subside of themselves, before they get to any considerable Head.

Some have lost their good Name in these constrained Experiments, some their Health, and some have absolutely fallen Victims to it; constrained I say, for the World is extremely out in its Verdict of Overt-Acts of this Nature; it lays Debauchery and Flagitiousness to the Charge of many, who are free from both; but whom Affectation or Caprice have involved in that Misfortune, which is the Ground

Ground-Plot of the Arraignment against them.

There are Heart-Misfortunes, as there are Chance-Misfortunes, and very often there is more Imprudence in the latter, than Guilt in the former.

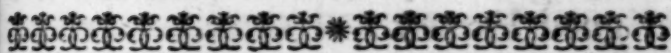
It is a common Saying, that Inclinations are not to be accounted for. Is this to pass for an Excuse of those which are evil? It won't bear; 'tis for want of knowing ourselves, that we don't know wherefore we hate or love; though both these Motions in us are necessary and independent, we are at Liberty to indicate their Causes, and there is a Possibility of unfolding them.

The Tastes of the Mind are to be treated of in the same Way as the sensitive Tastes. That any one likes the Sweet, or the Tart, is not a Matter of Fancy, but of the Constitution: And this holds still more true of the Spiritual Taste, with Submission to all the elaborate Descants on Love's being the Child of Fancy; nothing is clearer, than that it is the necessary Produce of the Character, as modified by the Constitution.

Thus

Thus all our Tastes appear grounded on certain Principles; and as their Difference from the Passions, Inclinations, and Affections of our Souls, lies wholly in the Degrees of the internal and external Agitations, caused by them severally, I have treated them indiscriminately, as issuing from the same common Source, the Character or Temper.

Here is a Letter just brought me on Sympathies and Antipathies; next Post shall carry you the Substance of it; till when, and till Death, I am, &c.



L E T T E R XXV.

Sympathies and Antipathies, are treated as Caprices: This is Wrong, What! are they then absolutely independent of us: No, this is another Extream; but upon reducing them to the Standard of Truth, we shall find, what is the Case in most Disputes, that both Sides are partly wrong, and partly right. Could our Minds bend to this Avowal, what a deal of Acrimony would it save us? but this can never be expected, till Mankind

kind is as ready to own themselves deceivable, as they are actually to deceive themselves.

A small Acquaintance with the World puts it out of Question, that too many Sympathies and Antipathies spring from Caprice, Singularity, and Prejudice; that to love and hate passionately, at the very first Sight, and afterwards to continue in such Passions, is no more than an Air, which some give themselves, even making a Merit of this Precipitancy of Affection, and at length, by indulging the Strength of Imagination, come to hate and love in good Earnest.

The Contagion of Example, which has such Power among Men, is very conspicuous here; the bare living with those, whose Love and Hatred take so suddenly, whether naturally or insidiously, draws us into the same Humour; and thus we love or hate, more through Imitation than Nature.

Were never any heard of, who by reading Romances with Attachment, and suffering the Love-Adventures which make all the Marvellous of those paulty Books, to dwell upon their Minds, imagining to prosecute an Amour in the romantic

mantic Manner, ardently devote themselves to the first Object they see, without consulting their Heart, as to the Charmer destined for them. I omit those minute Niceties, which, though received Marks of Sensibility or Timorousness, are, in Effect, only the Varnish of real Insensibility and Audaciousness.

There are a Set of People, among whom to love and hate only such things as we rationally ought, passes for want of Spirit; but I leave the Critics of the Age to wanton in this Field, which is the more proper for them as it every Day enlarges.

That for some Sympathies and Antipathies, we may only thank our good Pleasure, I readily allow, insisting withal, that there are others independant of us, and which force themselves upon us; the latter may be variously distributed, some arise necessarily from the Constitution, and rise or fall with it; others are only adapted to it, and might not have been.

Those I call Sympathies and Antipathies, arising necessarily from the Constitution, which are produced by the Consonance or Discord of the Constitutions,

tutions, which continually emitting Spirits expressive of their Quality, unite with some, and are repelled by others, as they happen to be analogous or repugnant. These Spirits thus continually emaning by a kind of inexplicable Intercourse, which subsists for some time betwixt them and those within, impress on them what they have met with abroad, and mechanically dispose them to close with, or avoid any approaching Object.

All this does not imply, that this first Sympathy or Antipathy, universally prevails. Its Strength is ever proportionate to the Degree of Conformity or Opposition, of which it is the Result. When it is but weak, Reflection sometimes assists or struggles with the Mechanism, and rectifies what was going wrong: Hence it is that People come to love very heartily those of whom at first they could not bear the Sight; and again, to hate those for whom at first they had conceived a Love. Though it may happen, that we may have Cause to repent checking this first Friendliness or Aversion; yet, whatever may be the Consequence, it is beneath the Soul to be the Tool of material Impulses;

pulses ; let it at least examine them before it complies.

Another kind of Sympathies and Antipathies, derived from the Constitution, are those relating to Foods, according to their Suitableness or Disagreement with it. These are, without doubt, to be at first strove against ; but a Perseverance, which would put any Force upon them, may be dangerous ; so it is best to let them have their own Way, after the Failure of repeated Efforts against them. These Struggles to surmount such constitutional Peculiarities, if overstrained, may be very pernicious to Health, which is far preferable to the Indifference in Foods. To how many would it be sure Death to live in some Climates, who, in others, enjoy a vigorous State of Health ?

As to Sympathies and Antipathies, which are not derived from the Constitution, but accommodate themselves to it, their Birth is owing to Example, their Growth to Custom, and their Complexion to Education ; some vacillating Tempers are seen, who take what they meet with, or who dislike what they have not seen, and for no other Reason.

A Conformity of Sentiments and Inclinations begets Friendship almost as frequently, as a Diversity in these Matters produces Aversion.

The imaginary *je ne sçai quoi*, which cannot be expressed, is no more than an unmeaning Conceit of Men, to gratify their Love of the Marvellous, that is, of every thing in them, the Reason of which is beyond their Ken. They would, possibly, think themselves under no great Obligation, should I go about to dispel a Mist, in which they seem to take so much Delight.

A natural Aversion or Propensity, which is not founded on some Principles, is not in Nature, though the Discussion of them would tire us both. A Multitude of things are done within us, which we never so much as think on; and it would put us to the Blush to call ourselves to an Account for some of them. It is a good Subterfuge for many a one to impute to the *jei ne sçai quoi* a Propensity, the Principle whereof they could not reveal with a good Grace, though, at the same time, they can't be unacquainted with it.

To

upon PHYSIOGNOMY. 171

To apply all the Premises to the Matter in Hand; be it resolved, that if the Knowledge of Physiognomies was more cultivated, Antipathies and Sympathies would be no longer Mysteries. The Illusions of Appearances would be at an End. The whole World would not induce us to pass our Lives with those, whose very Presence naturally ought to be insupportable to us. There would be no more of those odd Matches, which never come to any Good, and whereof the Poet lays the Blame upon a cruel Maggot of *Venus*, who sports herself in such Contrarieties:

*Sic visum Veneri, cui placet impares,
Formas, atq; animos, sub juga abenea,
Sævo mittere cum joco.*

Hor. Od. 33. Lib. 1.

Sympathies and Antipathies, in fine, depend more intimately on Sensations, which, of all things in us, are perhaps the most out of our Command. Farewell.

L E T T E R XXVI.

TO expect from me a circumstantial Detail of all the several Constitutions, that I should collect the several Characters or Tempers resulting from them, which are the Portraits of their concomitant good and evil Passions, how could it come into your Mind? you, who above all others, must have known, that it is nothing less than an Impossibility, the Descriptions being without End. I went as far as possible; I explained to you their Connections, and, if I may be allowed the Expression, their Genealogies. Constitutions beget Tempers, and from Tempers proceed Passions. So far I may boast, to have thrown a Meridian Light, where before was palpable Darkness. Now, it remains to shew, how, by the bare Inspection of the Face, a Judgment, and a sure one, may be formed of Mankind, which, as I said before, is to understand Physiognomy. Never lose Sight of the Principles prefatorily laid down, otherwise, as the Apostle says, *I shall be a Barbarian to you.*

Ac-

According to *Aristotle*, the chief Marks whereby we obtain an Insight into Physiognomies, are to be met with in the Face, and 'tis not without the greatest Reason he has said so.

In all Agitations, are not the animal Spirits seen to mount up into the Face much more copiously than in other Parts of the Body, and, by their Conflux, to cause much more sensible Impressions? This you grant. Now, I'll further let you into the Reason of what you are already convinced of from universal Experience. 'Tis that the Senses are seated in the Face, where they stand in need of larger Ducts, for the more easy and abundant Flow of the Spirits, so that it is little to be wondered at, that in all extraordinary Concussions of the Body, these Spirits should preferably direct their Course to the Face, the Passages being more ample and commodious, and they being more used to that Part, the Senses calling them thither continually to assist in their Functions, and convey their Informations.

Here one Thing must not be omitted, it having hitherto perhaps escaped your Observation, that the Skin of the Face

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is of a particular Texture, distinct from that of any other Part. Every where else the Skin is separate from the Flesh; but on the Face the Junction is so intimate, that to dis sever them would be to lacerate them, which gives a kind of Transparency to the Skin of the Face, adapting it for the Reception of the different Colours which are thrown upon it by the different Agitations; and thus it exhibits them outwardly.

Again, it is on the Face where Nature has placed the Eyes, and several other Parts, which being in an almost incessant Agitation, direct our Recurrence to the Face, the Seat of them, rather than to any Parts less subject to Agitations.

The Face, then, is the surest Denotative of a Man, as it is the Part where his Constitution, his Temper, and consequently his Passions, are the most conspicuously displayed.

Among the most incorrigible Opposers of Physiognomy, I never met with one, but will acknowledge, that upon certain Occasions they have very luckily formed their Questions and Answers from their Observations of the Countenance

tenance of the Person with whom they had to do.

The Reply to this, I know, will be, that there are indeed some Agitations, the Violence whereof hurries the Spirits up to the Face, and compels the Soul to betray its Disorder in the Aspect; but that when these Hurricanes subside, which besides are very rare where there is any Self-Government, it is, as it were, *atabula rasa*, nothing expressive is to be discerned on it; that Physiognomy being ever the same, in a State of Quiescence or Perturbation, if the above-mentioned Ferments are the only Props of my System, it is in a dangerous Condition, and will soon fall upon my Head.

This Objection, though merrily couched, may seem of Weight enough to deserve an Answer. If, as in their great Indulgence they vouchsafe to allow, the Soul manifests itself on the Visage in violent Commotions; and that he that runs may read the Marks of its inward Agitation; let them be pleased to tell me by what means they discern such Indications? how they come to understand this Book so readily? They'll not fail to rejoin, that the Fact is so, nothing is more cer-

tain ; but how we get this Skill, we are quite in the Dark. I'll endeavour to clear up this Mystery, and shew them how those Agitations unfold themselves to their View, on Condition that I may infer from my Explanation, that the Soul is discernible in the Aspect, no less in a placid than in a turbulent State.

The Agitation of the Soul throws the animal Spirits into a confused and impetuous Motion, which imparts such a Flush or Pallidity to the Face, so enlarges or contracts the Lineaments and Features, whereby it is easily perceivable, that something more than ordinary is the Matter. This is not all ; I further assert, that this Change of Colour, this Deformation of the Features, are variable, according to the different Passions or Gradations of the same Passions which fuscitate these Agitations ; and these different Passions are too well known to require any Eclaircissement ; they are so distinguishable at first Sight, that they must be Novices in the World who can mistake them, and I expect none of that despicable Class for my Readers. A successful and an unhappy Love are never blended ; Jealousy
never

never appears on the Face along with Self-Conceit ; even Hatred is separated from Rancour ; and the same Sejunction runs through the whole Train of Passions.

My Inference from hence is, that between the tranquil and the disturbed Soul, the only Difference lies in the greater Motion of the Spirits in the latter State ; that the Soul, in its most settled Composure, continues to act externally by the Motion of the Spirits, which are the Véhicles of it to all the Parts of the Body, and generally convey it with a Slowness or Velocity, according to the Frame of the Soul ; that these Spirits remain the same in a Calm or a Tempest of the Soul ; that the Impresss of the Constitution which forms them are indelible ; and that they necessarily spread a Colour on the Face, or modify the Features, according to the Power they receive from the Constitution or Temperament from which they are derived.

I add, for the farther Inculcation of a Truth, which so well deserves it, that the Habit of a Passion, the Motions of which are necessarily marked, leave a Delineation of them on the Face. This Colour, by frequently fly-

I 5 ing

ing up into the Face, settles there, and the Features retain that Figure into which they are so used to be shaped, and thus remain a fixed Warning against Disguise, that whatever smooth Appearance the Soul may put on, that Passion expressed on the Face is radicated in it.

A professed Drunkard is known to be such, even when he is fresh and fasting, and most of the grosser Vices require no great Sagacity to detect them in the Eyes and Countenances of those who are habitually tainted with them, before any Eruptions have broke out. What every one perceives in the more ungovernable and strongly marked Tempers, is obvious to the Physiognomists in the closer Passions, the more latent Stirrings, where the Strokes are not so bold, nor the Colours so glaring.

In Arts, any masterly Performance takes with all who view it; but the Connoisseurs alone see into the Finesses of it, and pay the Artist the Admiration and Praise due to his superior Skill.

Tumultuous Passions are visible to any one with his Eyes open; but to detect the more disguised ones, to discern a Storm lurking under the most winning Tranquillity,

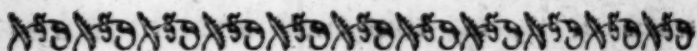
quillity, shews the Penetration of the Physiognomist.

There is a very singular Fact attested by many Travellers; nor can all the Ridicule of our Incredulity invalidate such unanimous Evidence for the Truth of it. It is, that the Savages will not only track a Man for several Leagues successively, but also (*mirandum dictu!*) will, by the Quickness of their Scent, distinguish what Countryman he is; another Circumstance which they mention, and which has been confirmed to me by several Persons of unquestionable Veracity, who have been frequently Eye-witnesses of it, is, that they are so sharp-sighted, as actually to see a Canoe half an Hour before an *European* so much as imagines he sees any such thing at all.

So the Similitude will hold good of those who are expert in examining and decyphering Physiognomies, that their *Lyncean* Eyes discover Motions and Lineaments which are hid to all others, and that these Motions and Lineaments being the sure Denotatives of many Things, capacitate these Adepts to judge of them with Infallibility.

I have sometimes been under a heavy Concern about the Disposition of my Countenance, and as much overjoyed that nothing amiss was perceived in it; but, no Thanks to my Countenance, it was owing to the Stupidity of the Company that I came off without Suspicion.

Let this teach us, that we may be deceived in Physiognomies, and that Physiognomies can never deceive us. I anticipate all the Questions you would urge upon me, and doubt not to answer them all, till you shall not be in a Mind to ask me any more.



L E T T E R XXVII.

Yesterday I had an Adventure, which is, of all Things in the World, the most pat Sequel to my last Letter. An eminent Writer, and withal a Person of refined Morals among the *English*, whose Pen raised him to be Secretary of State, whereas, in any other Nation, such a Man would have hugged himself at a Desk of 4000 Livres a Year; this valuable Person is not ashamed to say of himself, that he

he has often walked the Streets to divert himself with physiognomical Speculations, and he gives such a lively Account of them, that the Reader partakes of his Diversion. The same Sport led me another Day to the *Thuilleries*: My Eyes were roving among the prodigious Crouds which resort thither to look at one another, though they know nothing of Looks; and my Discoveries afforded me a great deal of tacit Mirth, when an Acquaintance coming up, whispered me his Congratulation on the Pleasure of being surrounded with Faces. After returning his Compliment, I found he would come in for some Share of the Ideas which the innumerable Variety of Objects must have produced in a Person of my Talents.

As we were walking on in Talk, I saw coming towards us a *Colossus* of a Man, who could not but move slowly, being hindered by the interposing Croud, which gave me time enough to take a full View of him, and say to my Friend, A perfectly amiable Creature; take Care not to elbow that Man; he would not pocket it, I am sure; for if he is not a *Hotspur*, and superlatively so, all my Rules are wrong.

wrong. Whether he actually liked the Countenance, or that he was in a contradictory Mood, he defied me to prove what I had said. I accepted the Challenge, and took t'other Turn, that he also narrowly examining him, there might be no Dispute about the Features, which I should alledge in Defence of my Conjecture.

Accordingly, when we drew near to this enormous Figure, my Friend having eyed him very attentively, we began our innocent Altercation in the following Manner: The Aspect of an angry Man, said I, is what you can be no Stranger to; now I assert, that the Person in debate has that very Aspect, though he be not at present angry; whence I conclude, that he is cholerick. My Friend could not digest this Consequence; he was not clear that a Passion was habitual to a Person, though seated in his Countenance. He readily enough allowed, that the Face had an angry Cast; but stiffly denied that such a Cast implied an habitual Anger: This brought on a Train of Replies and Rejoinders, Instances and Similitudes; but of which a succinct Abstract will be sufficient for you.

Whence,

Whence, said I, arises the peculiar Look of Anger? From an impetuous Confluence of a certain Quantity of Spirits of a certain Quality to certain Parts of the Face, inflaming, colouring it, and altering the Features thereof, and by the Rapidity of their Motion cause a Tremulousness in some Parts of the Face, and a Tumor in others. This he did not gainsay. To what then, continued I, can be ascribed the Flush, the Tumor, the Discomposure, those sure Denotatives of Anger, which are manifest in that Man's Countenance, but to the very Principle of Anger? And why should such a Principle be in him, glare in his Aspect, and yet be unactive? Nay, if it were unactive, how could it have impressed the Countenance so strongly? Besides, it is owing to frequent Returns of indulged Anger, that he has contracted such a ferocious Aspect, as is plainly declarative of an habitual Anger. It may be, that from his Youth the component Particles of his Blood being easily inflammable by Anger, may have contributed to the present Distortion of his Face. Perhaps also had he early used a moderate Diet, had he endeavoured to

re-

restrain his Violence, bend his Temper to Flexibility and Gentleness, he would have been in every Shape the better for it, his Aspect less forbidding, and his Acquaintance more desirable.

For do not by any means imagine it to be my Doctrine, that a Passion, which seems necessarily to be implanted by the Constitution, does not even admit of any natural Check or Flexion. It is too true, that we are to be corrected sooner by others than by ourselves. If the Passion is suffered to grow up till our Reason shews us the Danger or Turpitude thereof, our Reason comes too late, and instead of rescuing us from this inbred Tyrant, will only give us a more painful Sense of our Servitude.

My Friend still held out against all I could say, when happily we were informed that this same Person, at his going out of the *Thuilleries* was taken into Custody by a Guard, who had been ordered upon that Service, till he would consent to make up a Quarrel with an Officer of the same Regiment. The whole Matter was related to us, when it appeared, that it was entirely owing to his cholerick Humour.

How

How pleased I was with such an authentic Confirmation of my Assertion, I leave you to guess ; however, I had no Occasion to exult at my Triumph ; for my Friend immediately admired my Penetration, owned himself in the Wrong, and professed he would never again offer to dispute with me on a Point wherein he did me the Honour to say, I had few or no Equals.

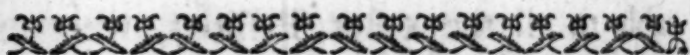
The few Turns we took afterwards were spent in physiognomical Hints, nor would he part till I had fixed an Hour to meet in the same Place the next Day ; for he seems, after this Conviction, to take a mighty Fancy to my Reveries.

What I have said of Anger is applicable to all the other Passions, whether good or evil. It is a Rule of judging of Physiognomies which I think just, as verified by a never-failing Experience ; not that I arraign another delivered to us by *Aristotle*, and which may sometimes prove true ; he calls it *The Rule of Contraries* ; if, says he, you see any one of a modest Mien, and upon an exact Investigation of him, you have Reason to conclude there was no Hypocrisy in the Case, but that the Denotatives in his Face are genuine ;

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nuine; when you happen to meet an opposite Countenance, you may, without Hesitation, conclude the Owner to be a conceited Coxcomb.

It is true *Aristotle* does not attribute Infallibility to this Rule; he gives it us along with many others, and most of them better, as not wanting some Utility, which indeed may now and then occur; and, now I think on't, a Person lately came in my Way, of whom I have the worst of Conceptions. One would swear Nature intended to give him a Face exactly in every Feature the very Reverse of your's. I have nicknamed him *Anti*—



L E T T E R XXVIII.

IF ever I was in Raptures I am now. Oh Physiognomy! how extatic are thy Pleasures! how singular the Glory thou bestowest! Know, my dear Friend, that I have convinced a Person, and he a Man of uncommon Wit, and of an Age to know himself, that I knew him a great deal better than he knows himself;

self. He was struck with Amazement. I have brought him to acknowledge, that he would be as happy in living with those to whom he were known, as he is unhappy in living with others. He may truly say to all who see him, Why do you not know me? I wear no Disguise, my Deportment is the Transcript of my Heart.

An habitual Diffimulation has warped the Generality of Mankind into hasty Suspicions; so without scrutinizing into him, some mistake the Frankness with which he talks of his Concerns for a Simplicity near a-kin to something worse, and others for a particular Species of Fallacy. He undervalues himself sometimes so as to render Praises necessary to keep him from Dejection: It is true, he lays such Hold of these Praises, as if they had been his only Drift; and with an Ingenuousness which one cannot find in one's Heart to censure, he often lays the first Stone for a Panegyric on himself.

He is jealous at the Wit of another, yet is the first for praising that Wit which has excited his Jealousy.

That with a hearty Love for his Friends, he should be susceptible of an
utter

utter Forgetfulness of them, is nothing new; but it is very much so, that he'll rouse himself from this utter Forgetfulness to serve them with an Ardour which looks as if it could be kindled only by a vivid Constancy, ever seeking Occasions to signalize its Unreservedness.

Such is his Delicacy in Love, that he makes no Difficulty to forego what is called its gross Delights; and his Imagination wears itself out by its very Heat, so that sometimes for several Days he does not so much as once think on what he had just before loved, and which he'll begin to love again as passionately as ever, when his Imagination has recovered its Vivacity.

It is not so much as in his Thoughts, that he is over-ruled by his Constitution, though that be certainly the *Primum-mobile* of most Part of his Conduct.

He mistrusts his Wit, without its ever being known to have once failed where the Exertion was requisite. When he gets the better, he is apt to push his Triumph a little too far; yet this is rather to convince himself and the Company of it, than with any Design of galling his Antagonist.

Posselt

Posselt of a thousand amiable Qualities, he is under such Apprehensions of their being wanting in him, that very often he conceits he is without so much as one.

Could it be imagined, that with a Power to entertain himself with every thing, he should grow out of Humour with every thing; and though he might easily be very happy, yet perhaps few Men are less cut out to be so in effect. Some Days he wonders how he failed to please, on others he is certain he has nothing pleasing in him.

He now and then glances upon his Uglinefs; but it may be plainly seen, that he believes nothing of the Matter, and that it is only to be told, that he is very well. He is so little formed for deceiving, that where Artifice is lawful, and he studies it, he is too awkward to escape a Detection.

He would idolize any Person who should appear to him to be possessed of those Endowments of the Mind and Heart, which are actually in himself; and I verily believe, that his own Thoughts abate very much of the Esteem which I have for him; he is not unlike some rural Lasses, who are unacquainted with those
Charms

Charms of theirs, by which the Villagers are captivated. If the imaginary Times of *Astræa* were realis'd in our Days, he would appear to a much greater Advantage. Though capable of any thing, I greatly apprehend, that he will succeed in nothing. Should one single Incident offer itself, he would be the most wretched Creature upon the Face of the whole Earth ; and (I pray God I may be mistaken) his Virtues seem to me to be already hurrying him to the Precipice.

He is so extremely delighted in doing handsome Actions, that one would think him capable of going in quest of Opportunities, whereas they have no Share at all in his Thoughts. Naturally virtuous, he does not affect the Character ; his good Deeds are spontaneous Emanations ; if they are noticed, well and good, if not, 'tis alike to him : He is not more alert in improving fortunate Contingencies, than he is in preventing unlucky ones ; these put him into Action, and then his latent Abilities become conspicuous.

Since he came into the World he has not acquired either one single Virtue or Vice ; he is a perfect Representation of Na-

Nature; whatever Parts she puts him upon, he acts with a most singular Justness and Docility. He fancies himself the very Person he only acts; nor is it strange that the Spectators should be under the same Delusion, and esteem him as such.

I have seen him in every Opposition of Character, devout, profane, bustling, indolent, remiss, tender, obdurate; and in all these Vicissitudes confident that he should persevere in them, not so much as dreaming of a Possibility of any Change, except in the Interval of Devotion.

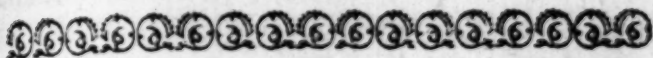
As on some Days he loves nobody, on others he hates even his very self, and then inveighs against his Faults with a Vehemence which he is not capable of towards others: He details all his Passions, their Gradations; their Struggles for Superiority, the excruciating Agonies which they often bring upon him; yet should any one be so cruel as to declare his Assent to such Declamation, it would be planting Daggers in his Heart. He often thanks me in the tenderest Manner, that with all his Faults I still continue to love him; he smiles when I answer, that
his

his charming Qualities are more than a Compensation for his *Foibles*. If it has not been his good Fortune to meet with a more easy and indulgent Friend than myself, I can truly say, that in the wide Sphere of my Acquaintance, I know not one more natural, and in most Respects more endearing than this same Humorist.

A very singular Quality in him is a moral Impossibility of deceiving any one. Guilt is no further known to him than by his Detestation of it. If he has any Faults, one is at a Loss to find where the Blame lies, and the Origin of his Virtues is no less mysterious. I look upon him as I do upon some rare Productions of Nature, admiring them without searching into their generative Principles.

You would be no less entertained with him than among all the Amenities which surround your *Villa* at ———, which are so many Masterpieces in your Eye, though inanimate. If you won't take my Word in an Instance, which redounds so much to my Honour, he'll send you a Certificate, that I told him every Jot of what I have now written, before it was possible for me to have any
Know-

Knowledge of him, but from his Physiognomy alone.



L E T T E R XXIX.

THEY who call for Instances are in the Right, yet am I not in the Wrong for refusing to alledge any. Since their Demand appears to you so highly reasonable, put me in any convenient Way of giving them Satisfaction, and you may depend on my Readiness.

What can I do better, than to demonstrate the Possibility, the Certainty of physiognomical Knowledge? Do they expect that I should gratify them so far as to let them into the denotative Signs of every Passion? Have I not said, over and over, that these Passions being infinite, the Indications thereof of Course are not less? Would they have me analyse some of their Acquaintances Faces, distinguishing the good or evil Quality of every Feature and Lineament? Will they pass their Word, that the Persons thus decyphered will be pleased with my Skill? Where is he who can put up with
K any

any Detraction from his supposed Merit? Is it not a reigning Frenzy to imagine, that no Imperfection is to be found in us?

Besides, do they flatter themselves with any mighty Advantage from such a Discovery? They would fix upon a few of these characterized Features, and upon seeing them separately, or in Conjunction in other Subjects, or whether their Preception were right or wrong, they would be for putting the same Interpretation on them; which would not only run them into an inextricable Maze of Mistakes; but, what is infinitely worse, render them the very Pests of human Society. For, to repeat it once more, there is no Colour which has so many, I am sure not more, Gradations, than those of a Passion, a Vice, a Virtue, or any good or bad Quality.

Friendship is not the same thing in two different Persons, no more than are Sensibility, Tenaciousness, Sloth, or Alertness, and the rest of the Habits of the Mind. Accordingly there are not two Men to be found, the Features and Colours of whose Faces are absolutely alike, whatever striking Resemblance there may be to an inattentive Eye.

It

It is not in their Souls, that two alert Men must look for the Cause of the Difference of their Alertness; their Souls having, and not without some Appearance of Reason, been supposed to be equal. This Difference must then arise from their Constitutions; and in like manner from this Difference of Constitution, they also derive the different Colour and Figure of their Faces; and 'tis these Colourings and Features which are the Keys to my sure Knowledge of the subordinate Differences of one abstracted Passion, which the unletter'd Multitude imagine to be alike in all, but which, in Reality, is far from being so.

Turn the World inside outward, call to Mind whatever you have read, heard, or observed, and after all, you will not find the same Passion to exist in the same Mode in two different Subjects, unless you can meet with two Subjects perfectly resembling each other in Constitution, and all constitutional Accidents, which you never will meet with.

This is a Truth, with which the Moralists seem to be but little acquainted, if one may judge by their Precepts for the Acquisition of Virtues, and the Ex-

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tirpation of Vices, being all too general, vague, and indefinite; so that it is a mere Chance if one of their Dogmas suit the particular Case of any Individual.

I am not a Stranger to their Apology, which is, that they address their Admonitions to the Multitude; but wherefore do they so? For my Part, let me rather speak effectually to ten or twelve Persons, than to a hundred thousand, and spending my Breath to no Purpose. To this Impropropriety two things contribute: The first is, the Difficulty of laying open the whole Nature of a Passion, of assigning to every Kind, and every Degree of such Kind, its Opposite: The Second is, the Easiness of declaiming in general on the Heart, and the Passions appertaining to it. 'Tis but collecting and arranging the Thoughts and Reflections of others, and this Business is expedited; and thus in a trice, without any laborious Indagations or Compositions of the least Benefit to any one, they seat themselves in the Chair of Morality.

Socrates, who, perhaps of all the Pagans, saw farthest into the Heart of Man, with-held his Pen from this Subject, only on account of the Difficulties of which
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he was aware, of laying down Rules, which are no further wise, and deserving a Publication, than as they are reducible to an effectual Practice, and calculated for particular Cases.

There is a single Sentence in *Aristotle* worth many a Volume on this Head; it deserves to be written with a Sun-beam, the Truth of it is so weighty. He affirms, that the Character or Temper is the Cause of Actions. Had they, who have composed Dissertations on the Passions, but well digested this golden Sentence, they would have written more pertinently, or not have written at all.

This imperfect Knowledge, or total Ignorance of the Passions, are the Sources of that general Injustice, which makes us require from others the Virtues which we have the good Fortune to possess; and on the other hand, of that indiscreet Lenity, in forgiving such of their Vices as are in ourselves.

The Son must by all means be like his Father, who will be so just as never to chide him for such Faults as are perhaps copied from himself. Lovers, think no Love real, which acts otherwise than theirs. The very Ambitious

and the Griping are seen to bear very hard on the Avarice and Ambition of others, because the Influence of those Vices is different in different Subjects.

We imagine to have given an unexceptionable Definition of a Vice, or a Virtue, when we have taken it from the Original, as acting in ourselves; but we are mistaken, our Composition is not the Standard of the World. A Man would be hooted at by the very Rustics, who having alighted upon a Spot of Ground, where some particular Vegetables were found to thrive, would have it, that all Soils must be of that Nature, and begin to sow and plant accordingly: Whereas, if a Man only pretends to give an Account of some Passions, as he feels them in himself, without intermeddling with their Degrees, Motions, and Effects in others, he exposes himself to no Ridicule.

Nothing can be a plainer Evidence, that the Knowledge of Man, though of all others the most advantageous, is of all others the most neglected.

L E T.

L E T T E R X X X.

SO! all my Pleas of Infinitude against specifying Signs, which are applicable to my Principles, stand me in no manner of stead; you still insist on them, and under Colour of the Inutility of my Principles, though you allow their Certainty, without Signs to determine the Use of them, you require that I should point out to you some of them, for a Specimen. This is putting me upon a Thing, which of all others goes most against the Grain; but you are used to command, and my Custom has been to obey, and without any Repentance or Chagrin on either Side: Well then, I'll even try what will be the final Upshot. I must prefatorily refer you to a Rule already mentioned, as taken from *Aristotle*, who was indisputably qualified to give Rules on any Point, that an habitual Temper is not to be concluded from one Sign, but from the Junction of several. The Meaning of this venerable Tutor of a hare-brained Pupil, is, that if the Colour and Configuration of the Face do not agree in their Signification

of the same thing; if a Judgment prove right, it is so by mere Chance. From this Rule are to be excepted some particular Cases mentioned by *Aristotle* himself: As, for Instance, when a Sign is of such a Nature, as to be equivalent to many, or when a superficial Knowledge only is sought for in one Sign.

Take notice of hollow Eyes, and you'll find them infallible Tokens of Wit, or at least of a Fire, which might have been improved into Wit. Do you see a clear rosy Carnation? This promises Candour, Gentleness, and Liberality: Whereas a livid Complexion is very Suspicious; Treachery and Rancour, and dark and vindictive Designs, often lurk under it. On this Rule was founded *Julius Cæsar's* Answer to some Friends, who warned him against *Antony* and *Dolabella*. No, no, said he, their fresh and ruddy Complexions warrant easy and festive Dispositions: 'Tis in those pale meager Figures, pointing to *Brutus* and *Cassius*, where all the Danger lies; they indeed are to be feared.

Let me desire you to forbear any Questions about these two Instances, which I have selected out of thousands,

not

not less certain, to prove, that he who desires to know only the general Character, may be satisfied from one Sign. The Reason of this is abundantly plain, from the several Principles on which I have before enlarged, to remove all Obscurity. To this Rule, I'll add another, that your Instruction may be complete; which is, the distinguishing an accidental or temporary from a natural or permanent Physiognomy: The Indications of the one often clash with those of the other; though there is, and can be, but one real Physiognomy, the Composition of Man not admitting of a two-fold Result. This, however, hinders not, but that the usual and habitual State, which I peculiarly name Physiognomy, and which I here mean by the Distinction of permanent Physiognomy, may be disordered, and in some measure defaced by some sudden and momentous Event: Now, this transitory Discomposure is a sort of new Physiognomy, which superseding the other for a short Interval, is not improperly termed accidental or temporary Physiognomy. To dwell upon the distinguishing Signs of the latter Physiognomy, and indicate them by parti-

cular Instances, would be an Affront to your Capacity, they being so multifarious, that not only such a one as you, but any one who has Eyes in his Head, cannot well be mistaken.

Monimia had no sooner been drawn in to disclose her Love for *Xiphares* to *Mitbridates*, than she perceives how fatally she has been deluded. She immediately forebodes her own and her Lover's dismal Catastrophe, from the Alteration in the King's Countenance.

Of all the Subjects for our Researches, there is possibly not one which more nearly concerns us, than an Attention to those critical Moments, when the Soul manifests itself externally, whether its *Oestrum* or Emotion disdain the Restraint of dissembling; or whether, how vain soever it would disguise itself, some Symptoms break out, and betray its Agitation.

Alexander's Method to discover whether his Physician had actually prepared a Potion to poison him, does no less Honour to his Discernment, than to his Intrepidity.

These Crises afford Matter for many Observations, which may prove of signal Service

Service on other Occasions; when the Soul being less moved, agitates the Body less, and the Flux of the Spirits in the Face is neither so copious, nor so rapid: For there is always some Resemblance to be observed (though very few are blessed with this Talent) betwixt the fortuitous Physiognomy under our present Consideration, and the permanent and habitual, which, in a correct Sense, is the only Physiognomy.

After whatsoever Manner any Meat is dress'd, it still retains its particular Taste, and the Seasonings of Cookery only give it a more poignant Relish. This is a Truth so received in Speculation, that its thought few Persons can be truly known, till after a few of these Convulsions, which reveal their Passions, and lay open the true State of their Tempers to all Observers. Let not any one pride himself in this Discernment; for such strongly marked Signs are obvious to any who will see.

It is however true, that there is no being sure, without some Knowledge of a Man, from his habitual Physiognomy. Joy and Grief, Emotion and Composure,

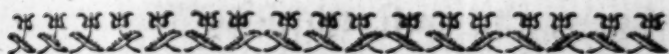
are imitable, and some People are rare Pantomimes.

It is a Complaint as old as *Ovid*, that the Eyes are taught to weep; and if the Eyes deceive, where is Truth to be expected? For they are the most frank, open, and indiscrete Parts in all our Composition. They can conceal nothing, or rather they blab every Thing. There is no modelling them. They seem given us to contradict us to our Face, whenever we are for acting a fallacious Part, and the best Way never to be deceived, is to fix your Attention upon them. The Eyes of the most arrant Dissembler are full of Truth.

When, therefore, Signs are insisted on, no others should be meant, than those which belong to the habitual Physiognomy; which indeed is the Ground-plot of any Stress which may be laid on the other; and of these it is that I am going to give you some Elucidation, informing you withal, that a just Application is as difficult to be couched on Paper, as it is easy to be made from the View of a Face.

Why are we separated by Seas, or confined by unsociable Occupations? I
could

could say a thousand Things to you, which won't bear writing. The foregoing Distinctions, I thought, could not be omitted, in Justice to my Cause, or Respect to yourself; they have spun my Letter out to a Length, which will not admit of any Addition; but your insatiable Thirst after such sublime and useful Knowledge shall not long linger under Impatience.



L E T T E R. XXXI.

I Cannot forbear laughing, and very frequently, when I dip into any of the many physiognomical Treatises, with which the World has been drenched; they are so stuffed with paultry Descants on a large or a little Head, on a long or a short Nose, on Carnosity or Leanness. They all annex the same Attributes to these different Signs, probably imagining that we shall be dazzled by the Pomp and Number of their Names, and not presume to ask a Reason of what is delivered by so many Persons of confessed Erudition. This is certainly the Case;
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for among the whole Tribe of Metoposcopists, there is not so much as one who goes about to prove his Assertions. It may happen, that one among a thousand of their Prognostics may be natural, and answer Experience; and so a Fortuneteller, who should foretell the same Incident to a thousand different Persons, would be very unlucky, if it should fail in every one of such a Multitude.

It will appear, that the best moulded Matter, the most exquisite Figure, and the nicest Proportions, are not always productive of the most perfect Character or Disposition. How many Monsters deceive by a very amiable Outside? and how many amiable Characters are shrouded in a monstrous Body? Therefore, to judge truly of our Soul, you must occur to something else than the Symetry and Delicacy of its Habitation.

How many Faces have you and I, and every one else, I suppose, seen charmingly beautiful, but quite unmeaning, and therefore could kindle only a sudden Blaze of Admiration, being little better than a Busto of curious Workmanship? whilst others, to the Eye worse than indifferent, have something extremely raking

ing in them, because they are animated and expressive ; the Soul, as it were, expands itself on them, and, by its vivid Influence, obliterates the natural Irregularities of its Matter.

It is not long since all *Paris* was Witness how a homely, dwarfish Songstress of the Opera, at the very first Line she sang, eclipsed the two finest Creatures which our Stage at that Time could produce, who acted the Parts of her waiting Maids in *Armida*.

Most Persons of eminent and of fixed Talents, are seen to acquire a Handsomeness whenever they are intent in the Exertion of such Talents; nor is it strange, that Organs modified for any particular Perfection should afford a freer Flow to the Spirits, and through them a more perfect Action to the Soul, when the very Thing, to which their Frame has been adapted, is to be taken in Hand.

To return; 'tis particular Designations of Colour and Configuration, which must be attended to for determining the Disposition of a Man with any Certainty. These two are the only Marks which I know to be of any Use, the Eyes excepted ; and these are of such universal
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Importance, as to deserve a particular Chapter. Here is, pretty nearly, my Conception of this Mechanism. The Colour indicates the Passions in general; the Habit of them is signified by the Configuration, and in the Eyes may be seen (that is, by those who have intelligent Eyes) their Reach, that is, their Excess or Moderation.

He who has bestowed any Reflection on the Principles of which we consist, knows, that the Fluids circulating within our Bodies, and in our Flesh, tinge the Ducts through which they pass with the Colour of their predominant Element, whether the Clearness of our Skin renders it discernible, or whether the continual Passage of the Fluids at length settles a Tincture in them, the Colour whereof is declarative of the Element.

Now, among these Fluids the Colour and Celerity vary; the Motion of some is rapid, in others slow; some are red, others lurid, yellow, green, and are sometimes seen of a black Hue. Every body must have observed, that as Melancholy has little Share in the rosy-countenanced, so the lurid are Strangers to Hilarity. Who does not know that
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the Alacrity of a Person, high in Colour, may be very great, but is not durable? whereas, in a pale-visaged Man, it holds out to the End, and is ever ready at Call.

When I have been sometimes told such a one is a very hasty Man, but the best-natured Creature in the World, he is angry and easy again in a Minute, I am sure to conclude, that this good-natured *Furioso* has a flushed Face; and when I hear of a dark Temper, whose latent Fire never goes out, I have the Idea of a lurid Visage. If this has never occurred to you, only recollect and compare the Faces and Tempers of those with whom you have long conversed, and have seen in trying Occasions.

It is to be observed, that the Love of Pleasure is annexed to all the general Passions, of which these Colours are the Denotatives; but with this Difference, that the Effects thereof in those of a ruddy Complexion are light Follies, and only Follies; but in those of a fallow Complexion are intense Follies, bordering upon Frenzy; the former will not slacken his Pursuit of them, though it cost his Life; the latter would sacrifice himself, together with the Associates and
Tools

Tools of his Pleasure. It may, without Impropriety, methinks, be said, that the Passions have some Affinity with their representative Colours on the Face: The grave and melancholy Passions are not represented by lucid Colours, and as little do the sportive and amiable Qualities shew themselves in the dark or dull.

I suppose I shan't be put to answer that flimsy Objection taken from the Hue of the *Africans*. Why should there not be the same Difference betwixt the Black of their Complexions as there evidently is betwixt the Fairness of *Europeans*? That this Diversity, however true, is not so perceivable among us, is, that our Eyes are daily conversant with Whites, and seldom meet with a Black, or at least seldom or never see a Group of Blacks.

So well grounded is this Allegation, that Painters and Dyers are almost the only Persons among us, who are in any measure acquainted with the different Gradations of a Colour, and these are so perfectly; their Trade obliging them daily to inspect and compare Colours; and by this Frequency of Custom, they acquire the Faculty of knowing all their Degrees and Distinctions.

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Let not this Truth be opposed, because the Tendency of it seems to prove, that the Knowledge of the Passions follows from that of the Colours. Is not the Blush of Modesty universally allowed to be very different from the Flush of Anger, though both red? Could not some tear off their very Skins for blushing on certain Occasions, either because though guilty, they would not furnish Arms against themselves; or out of Horror of bringing their Innocence into Suspicion? I will never be brought to believe, that Blushes arising from such different Motives, the Blush of timorous Virtue, and the Blush of confounded Guilt, are perfectly alike in their Colour. No; but the superficial World often makes no Distinction, and lets fly its Bolt, according to Favour or Prejudice towards the Party blushing, without examining the Redness, which would be the direct Way to come at the Truth.

Painters, who study Nature with a peculiar Delicacy, and in the Imitation whereof the Excellency of their Skill consists, have a Colouring for every Passion; compare, especially, the History-Painters, whose Pieces generally represent

sent Variety of Passions, and you'll see the Uniformity of their Pencil in representing Pity, Anger, Lust, &c.

I must not close this Letter without warning you, that it appears, indeed, from the foregoing Comparison, that in forming your Idea of any one's Disposition, you are not to be wholly guided by the Colours, they being, after all, no more than one of the Signs which I explained to you; and the Sign, of all others, the most apt to lead you into Errors, if it happen to be wrongly applied. If, for Instance, they denoting no further than general Passions, any one should go about to determine the effective Passions, and their Gradations, he would run himself into many Inconveniencies, if he regulated his Behaviour by his Conjectures.

To say of a Man he is of such a coloured Complexion, consequently he is naturally inclined to such and such Things, may be no Mistake, or rather it is generally true; but to assert, that being of such a Colour he gives himself up to, and is carried away, by those Passions and Propensities, may be an erroneous, I am sure it is a very uncharitable, Conclusion.

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The Colour, in its Indication of any Passion, shews only the Seed, it does not extend to the Fruits. Education, Constraint, the Care of one's Fortune, and in a more especial Manner Virtue and Religion, often nip these Humours, Passions, and Propensities, in the Bud, so that there is no arguing from a Man's having the Root of them in him, that he cherishes them, and suffers them to grow to such a Head, as to influence his Conduct.

I am thus particular, being desirous of carefully preventing any injurious Mistakes in the Positions relating to Colours. I imagine no such Thing of you; but all Places being full of Men of dull and confused Apprehensions, who are not able to see clearly into these Distinctions, my Fears of such Mistakes, which would give me a most sensible Concern, are very excusable. In my next I hope to give you no less Satisfaction about the Configuration.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXXII.

WHY, in the Name of Goodness, do you require that I should fill a Letter on the Configuration of Matter? I can say no more than what any ordinary Person may say; and to write common, trivial, or useless Things to you, is a very grating Task. What Truth shall I demonstrate, in saying, that fat People are generally good-humoured, and that there is seldom a large Share of Wit to be found in your oversized Bodies? The Lord Chancellor *Bacon* of *England*, that famous Instance of the Force of the Mind, and of the Weakness of the Heart of Man, being asked by his King, *James* the First, what he thought of the *French* Ambassador, who it seems was of an uncommon Stature, made answer, These tall Folks are like Houses five or six Stories high, where the uppermost Rooms are always the worst furnished.

Every one may satisfy himself about the two above-mentioned common Sayings, which are often verified, by observing, that the Good-nature of fat People, as, to give it a right Name, is

no more than a kind of Indolence, so is it wholly the Result of the Ease which they feel in themselves, their Blood not being near so much agitated as in others of less Carnosity, nor subject in a like Degree to the daily Alterations which are produced in the Blood of others, their Food turning rather to Flesh than Blood.

As to those of an exorbitant Bulk, a Judgment may be formed of them by the Giants, of which we now and then have a Show, and whom we are surprised to find far inferior to a middle-sized, well-built Man, not only in Wis, but also in Strength and Activity.

Though Men be the Paragon of the Creation, the Master-piece of Nature, yet every Man bears about him some Tokens of a Deficiency or Exuberance. If Nature exceeds in one Thing, it is too sparing in another. If it produces a Body of an extraordinary Size, there shall be wanting either that Copiousness of animal Spirits, or that Texture or Organization which are necessary to equal it in Strength and Agility to other Bodies, in Proportion as it surpasses them in Height and Bulk. It is entirely the Work of Nature, and took up its Attention as
much

much as others, but its Proportions were not the same : So that he whom it has thus constituted, can complain with no better Face, than he whose Littleness is as much out of the common Course, yet with which it has interwoven what we call Wit, Genius, Talents, &c. To this System it is, where, I believe, we must recur for explaining a general, and withal a pretty true Opinion, that misshapen People have more Wit than others.

I shall not undertake to discuss this so equitable Compensation of Nature, nor point out how each Subject may make the most of himself. There are not wanting Countries where a large Body is a more merchantable Commodity than a delicate Wit. How many Nations, even at this Time of Day, when they are much refined from their ancient Rusticity, make no Account of a Wit, in Comparison of an expert Hunter, or a Man of extraordinary Strength? and I believe in our *Europe*, with all its Culture of Arts and Sciences, and curious Polish of Manners, more than one Part may be found, where they seem to think personal Comeliness preferable to any other Accomplishment.

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It is not only once that I have seen a senseless Beauty meet with more Respect, and even seconded in her Insults over some of her Sex, who were not more witty than it was their Misfortune to be ugly; so true is it, that our Behaviour is often a Contradiction to those noble Ideas we pretend to have of the Mind, undervaluing it even beneath the Body, on whose Inferiority we can declaim with such a Flow of Eloquence, whilst we are at such Cost to cocker and adorn it. I have almost lost myself, and without Recollection I shall quite lose Sight of the Subject of this Letter, to which, however, all that has been said has some Relation, at least, a distant one.

Delicacy is not a natural Property of the Robust and Nervous; their terrene Composition is incompatible with it. There is not in them, as in the Weakly, a continual Decay, occasioned by the Disproportion of aqueous and aerial Particles in their Constitution.

All which I have said or supposed, relating to the Configuration of Bodies, gives a Verisimilitude, I may almost say, a Certainty, to my Opinion of the Resemblance betwixt the Bodies and the

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Souls;

Souls ; the Souls, according to my Account of them, becoming insensible only by their Operations, and these Operations intimately depending on the Bodies.

This has led me to conclude, and I have seldom been very wide of the Mark, that those stiff Figures, who look as if they had a Stake drove through them, and those who are of a fierce or austere Countenance, have Souls, or rather Dispositions, correspondent to those Appearances ; which corroborates what I said of the Configuration, when I advanced, that it was a sure Denotative of the Habit of the good or bad Qualities of the Disposition.

Why, indeed, should not the Body assume stately the Air of a Thing to which it is so often obliged to suit itself ? By a continual Surlineſs, Arrogance, and over-bearing Temper within Doors, our Body comes at length to contract a disdainful Air, and haughty Carriage, which are so easily distinguished, and so difficult to be concealed, at a Juncture which requires Mildness and Submission. Thus, a Neglect of ourselves also gives us an habitual Air of Aukwardness, which we cannot shake off amongst the genteelſt Com-

Company. Some Men, among the rest, who are all Nature, and consequently easier to be decyphered than others, carry in their Bodies the plainest Signs of their predominant Habits.

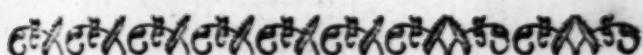
I shall be perhaps ask'd, whether, abstractedly from Custom or Inadvertency, Nature itself does not exhibit e one's particular Passions and Propensities by particular Marks and Delineations? Without doubt it does. But at the same time I must add, that the Number of these Delineations is generally very small, and that it is a Point of great Skill not to be mistaken in them. Likewise, that it is here chiefly, where there may be Temerity in taking them for the Rule of a definitive Judgment.

Excuse me, if I forbear disclosing to you on this Head all that you could desire; I am afraid it would be wrested to malignant Applications: And however innocent my Intentions might be in revealing such Secrets, to have given a Handle to the Abuses of them, would be an everlasting Concern to me, who have the Tranquillity and Reputation of every one at Heart.

Here follows all my good Nature will allow you: Whatsoever Variety Nature makes Use of in the Combinations of Matter, some Things there are, in which it is invariable; and the Relation betwixt these is necessary, that the Existence and Qualities of what is not seen, may be determined by the Knowledge of what is visible. The Rules of Proportion, which form the Regularity and Beauty in Works of Art, are not arbitrary, but taken from those of Nature; but the former are very far from being so exact as the latter; and there will ever be the same Difference as betwixt the Original and the Copy.

When you look upon a Boy of six Years of Age, you can give a very probable Conjecture what will be his Shape and Stature when he has reached twenty; then why is it accounted presumptuous, and even impious, to affirm, that upon an attentive Survey of some Lineaments and Features, a Person who has long studied their Agreements and Significations, may form a true Judgment of the good and ill Qualities of the Person whom he inspects? The *Materiality* of the Lineament or Feature, if I may be allowed
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that Expression, may have some Connection with the Quality denoted, though it be attributed to the Soul, since it has been farther supposed, that even the predominant Disposition of the Soul depended upon the Body, and on what is called Matter. I will make you amends for my cautious Omissions on this Head, by being larger on the Eyes, which you may expect will be the Subject of my next Letter.



L E T T E R X X X I I I .

I Have so many Things to say upon the Eyes, that I am at a Loss where to begin ; like one who complains of being impoverished by his very Affluence. It is in every body's Mouth, that the Eyes are the Mirror of the Soul ; and this Definition, as it does them a great deal of Honour, so nothing makes more for my Purpose. Neither is that all that can be said to their Honour ; of all the Organs of Sense the Eyes seem to be the most usual Residence, the particular Seat

of the Soul ; at least, it reaches them sooner than elsewhere, when called thither, and there it is sure to come at the first Summons. Their Language is its best Interpreter ; neither the Sweetness, nor the Strength, nor any Modulation of the Voice, can come up to the Gracefulness and Energy with which they are seen to express the Joys and Grief, the Resentment and Complacency, and all the Sensations of the Mind.

Nobody ever presumed so far as to think he could speak better than with his Eyes : Under the Want of Expressions, it is to them only we can have Recourse. Their Discourse does not stand in need of the tedious Arrangement, or laboured Cadence of Periods. It says in one Word what could not be spoke in a thousand. In an Instant it solves the most perplexing Questions, and decides Answers which are not less so. How many Doubts are cleared up ; how many Grievs are allayed ; how many Altercations are terminated by a single Look ?

Not a few Divines have taken it into their Heads to say, but upon what Grounds I know not, that the celestial Intelligences converse and impart their Thoughts

Thoughts to each other by Intuition. I presume from hence to infer, that if the Eyes among them supply the Place of Speech, it must be through them that the Soul makes the clearest Discovery of itself, and the most independent of Matter: And, in a Word, that the Soul is in them more itself than any-where else.

What has confirmed me in this Opinion is, their wonderful Frankness and Veracity. Such is their Aversion to all Delusion, that very often they shew the Soul what it is, rather than what it would wish to be seen.

You cannot but have observed many a one abashed and confounded, from a Consciousness, that their Eyes declared more than they were willing to have known, or than suited with their Designs. As an evident Proof of their Sincerity, let me refer you to those Circumstances, when the Eyes say *Yes*, and the Mouth says *No*, and wherein the *Yes* of the Eyes afterwards proved to have spoke the Truth. There is an odd Sort of People who will bluster, and make a Noise, and at the same time their Looks ask your Pardon. If their Rattle so discomposes you, that you do not read

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their Diffimulation in their Eyes, they have their Ends, and you become their Dupes.

All this, say you, agrees very little with the common Opinion of the Deceitfulness of the Eyes, or with what I myself have said of them, in one of my preceding Letters. I was then only speaking of them cursorily, and rather to expose the Practices made use of to teach them to cheat, than to say that they actually did cheat, and were apt Scholars in such infamous Lessons.

The Eyes never deceive when they speak; but be firmly persuaded, that the Fault lies on the Reader's Side. Either they know nothing of the Matter, or dazzled by Prejudice, quite mistake the Letters, and thus are deceived. So far the common Opinion has some Appearance of Reason. I am ready to maintain against all the Aspersions cast by Ignorance upon them, that speaking Eyes always speak Truth. The reading Eyes indeed often read amiss, and quite otherwise than what is really written.

Disputes run high upon a Book which has been read by thousands; they are hardly agreed upon the Text, the most material

material Part. As to the Meaning of that, and the Commentaries on it, it depends intirely on the Readers, that is, on their different Tastes and Capacities, which dictate the Judgment they pronounce upon the Book. But it has never yet been seen, that there was an universal Concurrence in Opinion on the Excellency of a Book, and the particular Meaning of its Contents. Now, it would be a Folly, and also an Injury to the Author, to accuse the Book of not saying what it does say. The Readers, indeed, may be justly censured for not reading what is in it. Let this serve for an Illustration of speaking Eyes, and reading Eyes.

If a young Wench, ashamed of the Slip she has committed, or to disculpate herself, should tell me in a whimpering Tone, that the Man who deceived her, had Eyes irradiated with Affection, that their Language express'd an unalterable Constancy in the most tender Accents; I would answer her flatly, that she does not know how to read: That thro' the Mist of her own Passion, she might imagine to see fine Things; but they were no Realities. I would assure her, whatever she might plead or pretend, that

the Eyes of her Seducer flash'd with the preconceived Joy of triumphing over her: That nothing was legible there, but the Impatience of Hope, and the Tumult of Desire.

All the Passions kindle up the Eyes; but every one has a particular Fire, which requires a nice Skill to distinguish. Women, with all their Study and Experience in the Art of pleasing, never yet have attained to impose upon the Eyes of Men, the Fire of one Passion for that of another. If any fall into their Snares, it is owing to their Prepossession, or want of Experience. It is however true, that they have made some Proficiency in this Point; which is, that they generally read better in our Eyes, than we read in theirs. They are found to have a clearer Perception of what passes in us, than we have of their Sentiments, Affections, and Designs: And I do not know, whether this be not the Reason why it is not suspected, that there are more Men captivated by Women, than there are Women by Men. I think there is enough for this Post, and I hope you think so too.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

WE have gone through several Actions of the Soul in the Eyes; I shall now endeavour to lay open the Manner of this Action, and examine whether Nature has not placed in the Eyes some particular Sign, denoting the predominant Disposition.

The natural Mechanism, by which the Eyes are adapted for the Reception of Objects, comes under Anatomy; of which, consequently, very few, I suppose, can be ignorant.

The manner of the Soul's speaking through the Eyes, by filling them with Water, or with Fire; by opening them more or less; by turning them in several Directions; by enlarging or contracting them; has never yet been explained by any one, nor ever will be. 'Tis a Contrivance, an Artifice of Nature; which, although entirely material, is beyond the Verge of our Penetration, and seems rather an Object of Admiration, than of Curiosity. I could indeed heap Quotation, upon Quotation, and, after all, you would be still but where you are.

Let us then limit our Attention to the particular Signs, which Nature must have placed in the Eyes of every Individual, as outward Exhibitions of his Character; for if, of all the Senses, the Eyes are the Place where the Soul seems the most sensibly to reside, it must, with more Ease and Certainty be known there, than elsewhere. And for my Part, I know nothing so significant, so demonstrative, as the Eyes. Joy and Grief, Pleasure and Pain, Anger and Complacency, Arrogance and Mildness, even Health and Sickness, every thing is expressed in them, every thing is plainly visible in them, before the least Vestiges appear in any other Place: They are always the first to give notice of every thing that happens.

I make no doubt, that there may be some Person, but indeed, a very extraordinary one he must be, who, by only looking on the Eyes, may discern the respective Distempers of a Number of Patients, and the Dispositions of the Healthy to any particular Disease. As for preferring large Eyes to small ones, that may be the Whim of Fashion.

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However, I believe in general, that large Eyes indicate a candid and generous Temper; that prominent Eyes are more promising, than those that are sunk and hollow.

Small Eyes are not to be thought to have more Fire in them than the large, only the Fire being confined within a smaller Orbit, beams out to a greater Advantage. A Disposition of extraordinary Vivacity, and large Eyes, are seldom seen in the same Person.

The Colour of the Eyes is not less expressive than their Dimensions. A Person with a black Eye is seldom known to be supine and sloathful. These Defects are signified by blue Eyes; yet these last have also their Merit: They are sure Signs of a tender Impressibility, and sympathising Disposition. They do not suddenly set in a Blaze those who look upon them, as do the black Eyes: They waste them insensibly, and like a slow Poison, bring on a lingering Death: But black Eyes destroy the Beholder at once, like a Cannon-shot.

Hitherto I have been setting you in the Way; so that you may proceed at Pleasure, and make such Comparisons
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and Inferences, as promise most Entertainment, or any Exigency may require.

What we call Wit shews itself with such a pointed Effulgence in the Eyes, that there is scarce a Man living, whose Portion of it is not determinable from their natural Lucidity.

Some Eyes are wholly unmeaning, denoting neither Faculties, Inclinations, nor Passions; yet here the large Eyes are to be distinguished from those of the common Dimensions. They who have large Eyes, as the Generality of the *Myops*, are seldom known to want Sagacity, and their Passions are vehement. The ordinary Sort of the unmeaning are not indeed utterly insignificant; for they shew their Owners to be Persons without any habitual Vices or Virtues; and of all the Eyes which I have studied, I like these as little as any; they are of no manner of use. In these Eyes, the Colour must be recur'd to, to get any Information of their Owners Disposition. If it be blue, you may infallibly conclude them sloathful and enervate; and on the contrary, their Alertness and Vigour is proportionate to the Black of the Eye.

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As for the large Eyes, in which nothing is to be read, the Colour of the Face, and the Configuration of the Features, supply that Deficiency in such strongly mark'd Characters, that there is no need of examining the Colour of such Eyes. I omit the Colours subordinate to black and blue, the two decisive ones; as from these, all the others are explicable with the greatest Ease and Certainty.

I never saw a clear lucent Eye, without a quick Apprehension, and regular Vivacity. Unsteady Eyes love very little, if at all, whatever their Colour or Dimensions may indicate. Moist Eyes love too much; and very open Eyes love every thing. I expose myself not a little, in disclosing to you thus freely, such Mysteries of Nature, curious in themselves, but more valuable for the Documents of Prudence, which they contain; but, let me add, that none of these important Rules are without their Exception.

Thus, when I tell you, that I can't endure to look upon an Eye where the Liquors are confus'd, that they give me the very worst of Ideas, I would not have you think, but that I enter into the
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Reciprocations of a fast Friendship with the Chevalier *de* —, not only with Confidence, but with Joy, which is the surest Sign that he is in my Eye, a candid, constant, and valuable Man. Tho' pink Eyes appear to me a Denotative of no great Reach; this does not prepossess me in the least against Mr. *de* —, than whom, in my Opinion, there is not a Man of a more delicate Wit in the whole World.

So much, and really I think it enough in all Conscience, on Physiognomies: Nothing remains now for your Entertainment, but Personalities, with which, for my own sake, and that of others, you will please to dispense. One Letter more shall be the Epilogue to this Correspondence; it is no more than what is due to the kind of Fears you tell me you are under, lest I should bring Sholes of Enemies, Divines, Ladies, and Philosophers, upon my Back, by my physiognomical Reveries. My Answer, I assure you, shall be dictated by my Heart; and, I hope, entirely consonant to Truth and Nature.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXV.

TO study Mankind, is not learning to hate them; so far from such a malevolent End, it is learning to bear and live easily with them. Turn your Back upon any philosophical System, which has a Tendency so much as to weaken any of the just Ties, whereby Men are united, and which undermines Society, the Welfare of which is not the most inconsiderable End of our Being. There may be a great deal of Whim in such Systems, but very little Reason. Nobody is farther from being a *Misanthrope* than the sound Philosopher. Every one loves and courts the Conversation of such a one; whereas Faultfinders are ever hated and avoided.

It is inconceiveable to me, how any one, after a little Reflection on the Clay of which we are moulded, and that we are all of the same Composition, can be so difficult towards his Fellow-Creatures. Does not every one feel in himself the first Cause of all those Defects, on which he is so severe in others? Should not this Consciousness mortify our Pride, and silence

lence our Invectives? Patience and Indulgence better become our Natures. We should behave to one another, as is sometimes seen in Children of the same Mother, who conceal, who bear with, and who assist, the Imperfections which any one of them contracted in their common Womb.

I am extremely pleased with the Question moved at a philosophic Supper, where all the Company were Persons of an unblemished Character; whether every Mother's Son among them had not once in his Life deserved to be hanged; and after no long Recollection, they all pass'd Sentence, on themselves, if this Punishment were not limited to Thefts and other Crimes, in themselves, perhaps less atrocious, and less pernicious in their Consequences, than many other more common Transactions, or clandestine Practices, to some of which the Laws assign no Punishment, and to others, such as is unequal to the Guilt.

Whatever external Difference there may appear to be betwixt Man and Man, there is still a very great Similarity in the Principles of which they are originally composed. Were we to scrutinize into the
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primary Elements of that Creature, who is rather commonly called a great Man, than who is so in Reality, we should startle at finding such a large Mixture of those which have constituted a Villain.

This Distinction of Men often takes its Rise from adventitious Causes ; their primitive Formation is, and their inward Character may in the main, be uniform. Birth, Condition, Profession, Affinity, and innumerable other Accidents, too often blind us in our Surveys of others, and mislead us into false Estimates. In order to a right Judgment, they must be stript of all Accessories and Appendages, and viewed with the unerring Eye of Physiognomy.

Imposed upon by the Breath of common Fame, which retails its Censures and Praises at random, we often court an Intimacy with a Scoundrel, and slight the Overtures of a Man of Worth: How valuable then is a Study, which secures us from Errors of such Consequence? And as of all the ways of knowing Mankind, Physiognomy is the truest, so is it also the least inconvenient to those who have made any Proficiency in it.

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They who apply themselves to the Study of Mankind, and have thus got an Insight into the Failings annexed to their Nature, I'll compare to those who are entering into a Vocation which obliges them to attend the Dead and Dying. At first, they conceive a kind of Horror; they think they shall never be able to hold out against their strong Repugnancy; but Use reconciles them so thoroughly to it, that all their Disgust is quite over; they are useful to those whom they attend, and find their Conformity turns to a good Account to themselves.

Is it not a common Observation, that aged Judges are most inclined to Mildness? and whence is this, but that thro' Age and Experience, they have attained to a Knowledge of Men, who are sure to meet with the most Patience and Lenity from those, who have the truest Knowledge of them?

Besides, be careful how you take it into your Head, that a Physiognomist looks upon Self-Love and Passions, those continual Springs of Vices and Errors, in no other manner than the pur-blind Herd. I assure you, he sees many Accom-

Accompaniments which lie too deep for vulgar Eye.

Before he passes Sentence, he carefully digests every Article of the Process, and examines Witnesses ; he acquits the Delinquent of Matters in which he was not a free Agent ; laying to his Charge such only which were perpetrated with a Concurrence of the Will ; and in such Concurrence, he is not wanting to make Allowances for the Circumstances, which might seduce or do Violence to the Volition. If he censures its too easy Compliance in some Things, he praises its generous Struggles, its determined Opposition, in not running all the Lengths to which the impetuous Passions were hurrying it. He considers it, as it unhappily is, in a State of Servitude, in which no Good can be done without Conflict, and commends it sometimes for the Evil in which it would not be brought to be an Accomplice. His superior Knowledge makes him so different from the Bulk of Mankind, that he is as ready to commend, as he is slow to blame. He distinguishes the Junctures when it was free, from those in which it was under Compulsion: He perceives that every thing
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in Man is extremely adulterated ; nothing absolutely genuine, simple, and perfect, and knows that the Evil is not totally devoid of Good, nor is the Good entirely without an Alloy of Evil.

Precipitancy to condemn, if it does not proceed from a malignant Heart, certainly does from a narrow, uncultivated Genius: Children are more severe against one another in their little Inadvertencies, than the most austere Judge against a notorious Offender. Self-Love makes the idle Creatures conceit, that it is glorious to insult over their Equals, and that to praise them, would make themselves look little. Indeed, to view a Character at once on its bright and dark Side, to balance one with the other, and to confine one's self only to commend what is good, under a Sense of the evident Impossibility to correct what is amiss, is the Property of that Knowledge alone, which is consummated by Experience.

So certain and tanacious am I of this Truth, that I cannot forbear avowing, that I am quite out of Conceit with all our fine Treatises of Morality, and with those of Characters especially ; because they are little else but Declamations,
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breathing the most contemptuous Asperity against poor Mankind. If you'll take their Word, we are universally made up of Vices. But, how come they by their Idea of Virtues, if there are none on the Face of the whole Earth? and if there are, why do they, by a mistaken Acrimony, impede their Growth? Do they think the way to make Men virtuous is to be incessantly dinning their Ears with discouraging Reproaches, and sour Admonitions? To bring these Doctors into a better Method, is an Attempt above my Ability; but I look upon them with a kind of contemptuous Pity, as I do on some who pester all Companies with long-winded Lamentations on the Decay of Friendship and Gratitude. The Faults of the Mind are Errors, and admit of Correctives; but those of the Heart are downright Vices, and are inextirpable.

The next Subject you chuse for a Correspondence, let me beg of you, that it may be something better than Physiognomy, which has drawn me in to send you a Ribble-row of Inanities, instead of a Series of philosophical Letters. Adieu, Adieu; I love you with my whole Heart, and unalterably.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXVI.*

Upon the Inequality of SOULS.

IT seems, then, somebody has taken upon him to insinuate to you, that I am inclined to hold an Inequality of Souls; but this Busy-body does not know how to distinguish betwixt Jest and Earnest, and has mistaken an hypothetical Flourish for a real Opinion. It is true, that I once declared there appeared to me less Difference betwixt some Men and Brutes, than betwixt those Men and Mr. *Fontenelle*, as for Instance.

In the Conversation on that Head, we gave a full Scope to our Imaginations, and as freely compared them. We supposed three or four Kinds of different Souls, and disposed of the Generality of our male Acquaintance among the Classes into which we subdivided them.

This Arrangement was of wonderful Use to us in clearing the Way for an Ex-

* We are credibly assured, that these three Letters come from the same Pen as the Philosophical Letters on Physiognomy, and desired to subjoin them.

planation of the Differences in Characters, which are so many and perplexing, that, without it, we should have stumbled at the Threshold. This gave us an Insight into the Principle of those united Societies, where a mutual Complacency is seen to constitute an uninterrupted Happiness; we conceived the Souls of all the Members thereof to be absolutely of the same kind; as Oppositions, Dissentions, and Feuds, arise from a general Antipathy in Souls, whereby they become insupportable to each other.

Yet some Phænomena we could not so easily account for; the Difficulties were not to be reduced to our System; two of them were, of a charming Woman in Love with an ugly Sloven, and an accomplished Man in Love with a hateful Woman. It was not supposeable that their Souls were of the same Class. Some said, that the Soul had so seldom any thing to do in Love, that it was to little Purpose to seek for the Explication of these Phænomena in its Nature and Qualities. Others were of Opinion, that in such Cases the Soul of the beloved Person was of an Order superior to that

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of the Person loving ; and that this Love was no more than a Homage paid by the inferior Kind to its better ; for we were all unanimous, that a separate Class of Souls was not to be assigned to Women, but that, equally with Men, their Souls were to be arranged into the above-mentioned Classes, the Difference of the Sexes being a Property merely of the Body, and not in the least relative to the Soul.

If what is perfect is always rare, the superior Order of Souls must be concluded to be the least numerous ; and in that Age, when most great Men flourished, the superior Order of Souls must have been most fertile.

Jocularity is not always void of Instruction, and enlivens a Disquisition. We proceeded to examine into the Mode of this so unequal Distribution of Souls ; no one offered to ascribe it to any other Cause than that (wise and gracious in all its Ways), Providence, which appoints the Rich and Poor, and stations the High and Low. This Difficulty, which is no less momentous than abstruse, after many Debates, seemed to afford no Solution more plausible

fible, than that Souls might be produced before the Bodies ; that they are ardently desirous of a Conjunction with Bodies ; and from their Delight in these Habitations when once they are settled in them, arises the Love of Life, and its Consequence, the Dread of a Dissolution ; that these Souls watch for the Formation of Bodies, and take Possession the Moment they are tenantable ; that they often dispute about the Preference ; that it has sometimes even happened, that two Souls so equally matched that neither could get the better, have both entered into one Body ; and such an Accident it is which accounts for Contrarieties in the same Individual, for these indescribable, desultory Tempers, which are ever at Variance with themselves, which hate and love at the same Time, and which are no less a Torment to themselves than to others within their Influence.

May not, said we, the long or short Duration of Life be owing to the Degree of Conveniency and Freedom, which the Soul finds in the Body, where it has taken up its Residence. If it finds the Body won't serve its Turn, that the Contexture

thereof is inconvenient, we may suppose it soon shifts its Quarters; but if all be to its Liking, it contentedly stays there till Time has rendered the Machine of no further Use.

It is well known to you, that Matter is an inexhaustible Subject, and susceptible of such a great Variety of entertaining Particulars, that the Exercise of the Imagination seems not the least End of its Formation. Natural Philosophy, besides my irrefragable Demonstrations, opposes an Inequality of Souls; they are all of one kind, all equal, and their apparent Contrast and Diversity, in Propensities and Operations, are chargeable upon the Body, which is both their Mover and Instrument.

Besides the Difficulty of this System, against which I allow the Sense of our Dignity relucTs, we are ashamed to have Recourse to Organs, material Organs, which have no more Connection with the Soul than the Tool has with the Hand of the Artificer. But here be our *Ne plus ultra*, let us bring ourselves to believe inexplicable what Things are really so, as such, acquiesce in them, and
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patiently own the narrow Limits of human Understanding; it is a Lesson inculcated into us by hourly Experience; every Instant brings some Document of it, and yet to own it goes extremely against the Grain.

I have been so frequently mistaken concerning the most simple Objects, and which I made no doubt of knowing, that my Ignorance now gives me no Manner of Vexation. The Effects of an Error in Morality bring more Sorrow with them. There is no foreseeing every thing, and to be ever suspecting some Evil, we should think it as disgraceful to ourselves as we feel it painful. Whatever high Opinion I have of the physiognomical Rules, they will never prevail on a generous Soul to determine what it ought not so much as to think. The most perspicacious Mind has still a little to apprehend from the Goodness of the Heart, in Relation to the Worthless or Insidious. Suspicion is the last Science a great Mind can be brought to learn.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

Upon PHILANTHROPY.

WHEN shall you and I agree? You who are not only a *Misanthropist*, but glory in it: I who am a *Philanthropist*, and far from disowning the Appellation. Your Humour puts you continually upon censuring Humanity, whereas I am far more inclined to Pity than Censure. Since you allow Freedom of Debate, I'll vindicate my Opinion, and assert that Longanimity to which I have devoted myself. If you can find in your Heart to condemn me, do so, nothing shall deter me. I am fully bent to deserve the glorious Title of *Plenary Indulgence*, with which you have been pleased to invest me.

There are Opinions, into which we are insensibly drawn, and for which we become warm Sticklers without knowing how; such are those which are analogous to our Dispositions. The Supine declare against meddling in many Things; the Active despiseth that Maxim, rush into the Scene of

of Bustle, delight in being ever on the the Wing, and sometimes value themselves upon their Officiousness, when the Source of it is no more than a busy Temper.

Longanimity, or Toleration, has a very different Principle. In the Heat of Adolescence I could not bear with any thing which had the least Contrariety to the Ideas, the only Grounds of which were Custom and Education. Not a few Men were such Monsters in my Sight, that I thought it was a Shame they should be tolerated, that Banishment was the least their Enormities deserved ; and if I did not turn the *Don Quixot* of Truth and Probity, and exterminate without Mercy all whom I imagined to be their Opposers, Fear only with held my Arm. I judged of every thing I saw from mere unexperienced Nature ; and whatever appeared to me to have any Dissonancy to that Rule, I accounted odious and punishable.

But afterwards, by conversing with both good and bad Men, I came to understand, that the Evil, as well as the Good they did, was not all spontaneous, but often cost them many a hard Struggle ;

that the Judgments past upon them were usually but weakly grounded ; that what formed a clear Reputation, stood in as much Need of Amendment, as the Vices which sullied a Character, wanted Reformation ; that the trifling was much more valued than the solid ; that we were happy and beloved for mere Nothings, when Essentials only, and those highly momentous, ought to make a Man unhappy or detestable ; and that our Well-being and Character lay at the Mercy of Persons, who, though no competent Judges of either, set up to be arbitrary Disposers of both.

These Observations put me upon the Study of Morality, with a more than common Attention ; I may bless the Day when I did so ; for besides the growing Delight I every Day felt, to it I may attribute the happy Change of my impetuous Disposition. It was Morality which made me a stanch *Philanthropist* : It was Morality that taught me to look upon all Mankind as my Brethren : It was Morality that has sensibly convinced me that they are so. Instead of Contempt and Indignation at their Faults, I commiserate
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their Errors, and almost melt into Tears at their Calamities.

The Study of History has not a little confirmed me in these Sentiments. The Fall and Rise of Empires, their Conquessions, the characteristic Passions of each Country, the manifest Contradictions adopted almost every where ; universal Errors, one half of the World condemning the other ; Prejudices raised upon the Ruins of Reason ; the Degradation of one Hero, and the Exaltation of another ; Men burning to-day what they had worshipped yesterday ; the Impossibility of finding an infallible Rule ; the best concerted Designs baffled by a slight Accident ; the Futility of the serious Employment of great Numbers ; the Vanity and Emptiness of our favourite Objects ; Love and Friendship sacrificed to Avarice and Ambition, or meaner Interests : Whatever strengthens the Philosophy of others, has encreased my Philanthropy ; that which hardens others, has made me more impressible. These Considerations have produced in me the tenderest Sympathy to Mankind.

You would not imagine of how great Use Physiognomy has been to me in this

Matter. I require no more of Men than what is in their Power, and within what narrow Limits that Power is circumscribed, I very well know. It makes me bear with their Faults the more easily, and raises my Esteem of their Virtues. I am even charmed with any great Action they do; it ravishes me; I pride myself in it; I say with Exultation, it is one of my own kind that has done this. Now, this Admiration probably would not be so extatic, were it not for the physiognomical Knowledge I previously had of their Weakness, which it must have cost them many a smart Conflict to overcome. I observe, and it pleases me, that those who are advanced in Years, or have had a large Experience in the World, are of all others the most relenting and indulgent. One marries, another remains single; one purchases a Post, the other glories in his Independency. Now, why should not we believe that they are all in the Right, though they steer different Courses?

The Behaviour meets with as little Mercy as the Voice, Carriage, Shape, Countenance, Dress, and Amusements. All these Accidents are inexhaustible
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Funds of Censure for the Idle and Easy, who, for Want of better Employment, are ever carping at others, who are not in every thing like themselves.

Now, were we all alike, without any Diversity of Sentiments, we should soon fall to cutting one another's Throats ; we should all drive at the same Ends, all grasp the same Objects ; for as the Diversity of our Appearance causes an agreeable Variety in the World, so the Harmony, which is so necessary to it, results from the Diversity of our Sentiments. Let us allow to others, that Freedom, of which we will not bear any Infringement, and which is blameable only when perverted to evil Purposes.

Here is the Touchstone of that Longanimity, or Toleration, which I espouse. Every thing is liable to Excess, and, were it possible, there should be Excess in nothing. Whatever is not notoriously of an evil Tendency, I bear with. I assert, that every one ought to be allowed to gratify his Humour, and please himself, when that Gratification will not bring a real Evil upon any one ; but the eternal Rights of Society, which forbid

the doing to others what we would not have done to ourselves, determined me to condemn all who are for promoting their own Satisfaction to the Prejudice of others. If you never hear me openly exclaim against them, you shall never hear me second and commend them. *Beware of sweet Wine-Vinegar*, saith the *Italian* Proverb. The mildest Persons carry their Anger farthest, when once it is justly excited. None also will more vehemently condemn what they cannot but see to clash with the fundamental Principles of Virtue, than the most patient Man; and if I say with *Pope*,

What ever is, is right,

far be it from me to mean it of what is essentially evil. This Essentiality of Evil is not difficult to define: So here I leave you.

L E T.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Upon the Misfortunes of LIFE.

Misfortunes are the Appendages of human Nature. They are an universal Tribute. No Power nor Wisdom are absolute Preservatives. They are adapted to every Condition of Life. Some happen which were little expected. It is a wiser Part to prepare the Soul for Adversity, than to be planning and toiling to prevent it.

Here, methinks, you shake your Head, and say, From such a Beginning I conclude N—— was in a melancholy Mood. I am so, and here follows the Occasion. No longer ago than Yesterday our Friend the Chevalier called upon me. I immediately knew by his Countenance, that something extraordinary had befallen him. He told me at first that he was very ill. I assured him to the contrary, and that all his Illness lay in his Soul, and that such a Physiognomist as I, was not to be imposed upon in that Manner. Chevalier, said I, you are at present oppressed with Trouble ;
but

but you will not sink under it. Your Candour your Sensibility may be known to every body ; but it is otherwise with your Fortitude ; all its Strength can be known to very few. Perhaps it is not even so well known to yourself, as to me. He then related to me the whole Affair, but with so much Discretion, Composure, and Mildness, that I could not forbear dropping a few Tears. Moved as I am at the Wrong done you, said I, I cannot forbear congratulating you, that your Name now stands in the honourable List of those whom Envy has persecuted, whom their Merit has destroyed, yet who have referred their Vengeance to the Remorse of their Foes. In your whole Life you never was in such good Company. Your Heart, to be sure, is troubled, that there should be such Injustice, such Ingratitude, and Perfidiousness : A Grief which is felt by all good Hearts ; but should be alleviated by the Reminiscency of the Good you have done to those who have made such undue Returns. The Number of your remaining Friends will be few ; but these will be such in whom you may confide, having stood the Shock. Friends are like

like Votes that should be weighed rather than counted. As to the Multitude, who gladly swim with the Stream of Malevolence, they are so often mistaken, that should it join in condemning you, it will be only one Mistake more added to their Account, and a very slight Misfortune to yourself. Men of Spirit should direct their Behaviour according to *Horace's* Advice to Authors in their Compositions.

Suit not thy Labours to the vulgar Taste.

Art of Poetry.

And actually its Verdict is too uninformed, too precipitate to have any Deference paid to it. The cool, circumspect Judgment is alone to be accounted of. He who decides hastily, generally decides amiss.

This Multitude will either come to see its Error, or continue irreclaimable. Chance has as great a Hand in our Characters as in our Fortunes. What are we upon Earth? A Point almost too small for Division, in Comparison of the rest of the World, and perceivable only within our own Sphere. They who surround us, and for whom we tenderly feel,

feel, absorbed in themselves, take no Notice of us.

The *qu'en dira-ton* of the World is not, by a great deal, to be stood in so much Awe of; besides, Matters rightly considered, we are accountable to it only for what we do, and not for what is done to us; neither imagine that I am for reducing it to a mere Jest, and emancipating every one from the settled Customs and Formalities which constitute the Decorum of political Societies. Let every thing which may justly give Offence be carefully abstained from; but I insist, that no Regard is to be shewn to public Custom, where it is in the Wrong; and I am not afraid to declare, that it is seldom in the right. *Uni sapientium, nihil placet omnium, quæ vulgus vel facit vel dicit*; and you know there is the Great *Vulgar*. My dear Chevalier, added I, though your Merit was indisputable before, yet this will prove a considerable Enhancement to it. These Injuries will bring to Light Opinions, Sentiments, and Talents, which no Exigency occurring before for the Exertion of them, were not known to be in you. Dearer you cannot be,

be to me than you was before; but allow me to say, that you appear more esteemable. Your good Temper, your Easiness, which nothing could provoke; your undisturbed Equableness; your sympathising Pity for the Distressed; your Delight to relieve and assist them in any Manner; all these so amiable Dispositions will be wonderfully increased. The Effect of Misfortunes on great Minds, if I may use such a Comparison, is like that of Dew on Flowers; it animates their Fragancy, and draws forth those Odours which diffuse themselves to the Delight of all who are near them. As to your Wisdom and Patience, I omit them; but they shall force your Enemies to admire them the more, as they are quite contrary to their Expectation; for my Part, I saw them in the Bud, long before such Brutality disclosed them.

Socrates, that droll Philosopher, stiled himself the Midwife of Thoughts; the same may be said of Misfortunes with regard to the Virtues. He himself was an eminent Instance of the Folly of Mankind, in condemning what claimed their highest Regard. Some succeeding Writers
have

have endeavoured to compensate for the Injustice of his Countrymen, and carried their Encomiums to a very singular Height ; among the rest one of the last Century has these remarkable Words: *Parum abest quin exclamam Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis, i. e. I can scarce forbear crying out, Saint Socrates, pray for us.* But when the fatal Stroke has been once given, the most pompous Panegyrics, the most nervous Apologies avail nothing as to Life, however they may blazon the Reputation, as *Corneille* has it:

No Revenge can the Dead to Life restore.

We may well be compared to Chaff, which every Breath of Wind whirls about, and scatters any way. Who can be assured of the End of his Destiny? A Knot of artful Villains may bring the honestest Man living to the Gallows, by charging him with a Robbery, Murder, or any capital Crime, of which the bare Imagination would make him shudder. Our Fortitude is our best Resource, as within us; it may give Way to an irresistible

fistible Torrent, it may bend under the Weight of Malignancy and Opposition, yet not succumb. Well, Chevalier, I have so good an Opinion of your's, that if ever I should want any, I'll not fail to come to you for a Supply.

Thus we broke up, extremely pleased with each other, he particularly admiring my Prophecy, and I no less the Beauty and Goodness of his Heart. We are to meet again to-morrow. 'Tis an Honour to condole with such a Man. Write him a consolatory Letter: He is no Stoick. If he can suppress Grief, he is not without a tender Sense of it. Adieu.

F I N I S.

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